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THE LATE ANDREW JOHNSON, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

SEE PAGE 399.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ANDREW JOHNSON.

THE news of Andrew Johnson's death, on the morning of July 31st, carried surprise and sorrow all over the country. Although the last of our ex-Presidents had been so long in public life, he was only sixty-seven years old, and the vigor which he had displayed during his recent triumphant campaign as a people's candidate for the United States Senate justified the expectations of both friends and foes, that, in returning to Congress, like John Quincy Adams, after having been President, like him also, Andrew Johnson would renew and strengthen his claims on the confidence and esteem of the nation by efficient service as well as conspicuous presence in the Capitol. If, however, the report, which we can hardly credit, be true that Johnson when stricken by paralysis was on the eve of entering the political campaign in Ohio on the side of inflation and repudiation; and if it be also true, as it has been sneeringly alleged, that the country has gone beyond him, and that he and his policy, his Constitution, his flag and his griefs, would all have been in Congress but a curiosity at first, and afterwards a tiresome, twice-told tale, then there is some reason in the assertion that death may have now come as a blessing to his fame. We had hoped indeed that his noble fanaticism for the Constitution would have commanded respect and wrought a salutary influence in Congress, were it only as a reminiscence of the glorious past of our republic. In fact, it is as a great constitutionalist that Andrew Johnson will be remembered in American history. The purity and disinterestedness, as well as the strength and courage of his convictions during the long and fierce struggle between him and Congress which almost ended in his condemnation when he was impeached as President, will hereafter be fully appreciated. His mistakes and faults will be forgiven and forgotten in the universal and permanent recognition which has already been won by his honesty, his dauntless bravery, his indomitable will and his patriotic devotion to the Union and the sacred principles of free, constitutional government. Even the bloodiest stain upon his Presidential record will be effaced by the fact that there is a divided responsibility for the deplorably superfluous cruelty of the hanging of Mrs. Surratt on account of alleged complicity with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. War is, as Schiller has powerfully described it, a terrible, ravaging monster that kills herd and herdsman, burns down houses, spares not even the tender infant, and threatens woman with a fate more dreadful than death. It slays millions on the field of battle, in prison and in the hospital. And when the

storm of war is over, death is still in the whirlwind and in the seething sea of evils which are left behind it. No one's life is safe, and the maniac hand that drives a bullet into the brain of a Lincoln unconsciously twists a rope for the neck of a Mrs. Surratt. If President Johnson did not save her from her doom, nevertheless the purity of the Chief Magistrate's motives cannot be impugned. If the execution of Mrs. Surratt was at once a crime and a blunder, it was done in times that perplexed men's minds as well as steered their hearts.

Johnson is eulogized as a sturdy demagogue, but he was such in the fine old Greek sense which attaches to this word, as well as to that other word, aristocrat. Sprung from the people, he faithfully remained a man of the people, and toiled for their best interests. His sound democratic idea was expressed in his famous address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Washington Sunday-school Union in 1865, when he said: "He would pull none down but would elevate all—level upwards, not level downwards. His notion had always been this: the great mass of the American people must be elevated. If all shall be elevated, we may become the greatest and most exalted nation on the earth." The interesting, and even romantic story of his own early career, and particularly that of his young wife's influence in remedying the defects of his education and inspiring his ambition, will have an incalculable effect upon the future of the "poor whites" of the South, when they shall all have learned to read it, and upon the future of the lowly but aspiring everywhere. Andrew Johnson was a signal example of the fruits which American institutions on American soil can produce. Throughout his life he was a genuine American, and he was fitly buried, according to his patriotic wish, with the American flag wrapped about him.

TRUE ISSUES OF THE FALL ELECTIONS.

ELECTIONS are to be held before the end of the year in seventeen States, viz.: California, September 1st; Arkansas, September 6th; Maine, September 13th; Ohio and Iowa, October 13th; and Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Texas, Virginia and Wisconsin, November 2d. Of these States, only California, Oregon and Mississippi elect Congressmen. The one State in which the result of the contest will be of national importance is Ohio. In that State the Democratic platform is so outspoken for inflation, and the campaign is being conducted so exclusively on that issue by the press and stump speakers, that the attention of the whole country has been fixed on Ohio. The result of the election there cannot fail to have an important influence on Congress, and will also go far towards shaping the issues in the Presidential campaign next year.

Can the Democratic Party afford to win a victory in Ohio on the issues there presented? Or, rather, can they afford to recognize the election of Allen in that State—provided he be elected—as a Democratic victory? We are inclined to think they cannot. The record of the Democratic Party in the last Congress is as much in favor of hard money as that of the Republicans. The Republicans are clearly responsible for perpetuating the paper money for the ten years which have passed since the close of the war. With the exception of the stand taken by the Convention at Columbus, the Democratic conventions thus far held this year are as sound on the currency issues as their opponents. The question is, can the Democratic Party, in the face of all the traditions of the past, and in spite of the well-known opinions of such leaders as Governor Tilden and Senator Thurman, afford to give the Allen-Cary ticket and platform their moral aid and support? Could they afford to rejoice over Allen's election as a Democratic victory? They cannot do it. It would be their certain ruin.

The Ohio election, whichever way it goes, will do some injury to the Democratic prospects of success in 1876, but it will do most damage to them in the case of Allen's election. It is notorious that Tilden, Thurman, Bayard, and the strongest men in the Democratic Party, not only in the East, but to a considerable extent in the West and South, are opposed to inflation. The platforms just adopted by the party in California and Minnesota show this. If, now, Allen and his crowd are defeated, their defeat will be attributed to the disgust of hard-money Democrats, and inflation will become as much a dead issue as Fourierism or slavery in the Territories. But if Allen should be elected, that election will be traced by sensible men to its true cause—the unreasonable discontent excited among the unemployed laborers and unsuccessful speculators by the hard times. That affords no basis for a political organization to rest on. It will sink as speedily as it arose. On such a foundation rested the Whig triumph of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," in the hard-cider and coonskin campaign of 1840; and in 1842 the Whig Party was annihilated.

Not only would an inflation triumph afford no basis for future Democratic victories, but it would surely create no end of dissensions in the party. Dissensions are fatal to any party

on which rests the responsibility of the Government. They were so to the Whigs in the Congress of 1841-2, to the Democrats in 1848, to the Whigs again in 1850, to the Democrats once more in 1860, and to the Republicans in the elections of 1874. The head of a party is always stronger than its tail—brains are more powerful than brute force. After the Republicans had lost Greeley, Sumner, Schurz and Trumbull, their final overthrow was merely a question of time. So will it be with the Democrats, if, by giving themselves over to the inflationists of the Kelley pattern, they alienate their Liberal Republican allies, and drive out such men as Thurman, Tilden and Bayard, as the camp-followers of Grant did Greeley, Schurz and Sumner. The inflationists themselves admit that the brains and property of the country are opposed to them, and they may take this truth to ruminate on—that brains and property will win, let the victory be peaceful, or as bloody as the Communist Kelley threatens it shall be. Let the Democrats act sagely in this emergency.

THE GREAT BANK FAILURE.

THE suspension of the world-renowned banking-house of Duncan, Sherman & Co., which took place on the forenoon of Tuesday, the 28th ultimo, and which at the time so startled and alarmed the community, is still an absorbing theme of conversation. No banking-house in the United States had a better reputation. Its transactions were known to be immense; and its credit was practically unlimited. In Europe, the firm was widely known and universally trusted; and because of the confidence reposed in it by the richest of our business men, and because of the convenience of its letters of credit to travelers, its European business was very extensive. It is said that for some months past the firm was distrusted by some of our wealthiest merchants, to whom its shaky condition was known; but by the general public the secret was unknown, and up to the last moment large sums were intrusted to it for transmission or for safe-keeping. When the suspension was made public, the excitement was rendered all the more intense by a knowledge of the fact that many of the Americans now traveling in Europe were entirely dependent on the letters of credit of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

The actual extent of the failure has not yet been made public. It is not, perhaps, known to the bankers themselves. The general feeling is that the liabilities are heavy and greatly in excess of any possible assets. At first it was supposed to be only a temporary difficulty, and in well-informed circles it was predicted with confidence that a firm of so great respectability would not be allowed to go without friends, and that in a brief space of time it would be on its feet again, taking its place among our foremost banking-houses. This feeling has gradually died out; and the opinion very generally prevails among persons well qualified to form a judgment in the case that the bank is hopelessly and for ever ruined. It is understood that the firm did not give up hope until they had on Tuesday forenoon received a message from London from prominent bankers there, formally refusing assistance. Common sense teaches that such a house as that of Duncan, Sherman & Co. would not have yielded to any but the most extraordinary pressure; and the refusal of the Barings and others in London to come to their aid but tends to confirm the belief that, whatever the cause, the condition of the house was hopeless. It is quite possible that the capital of the firm has never been so large as was generally supposed; but whether their capital was large or small, it is reasonable now to conclude that between their assets and their liabilities there is a grievous disproportion. In a few days we shall know the exact state of affairs. We shall not be sorry to learn that the actual pecuniary loss is not so large as was at first apprehended.

The causes of the failure are variously stated. In their published card the Company said: "A careful examination of our business and affairs shows us most unexpectedly, through losses and misfortunes, our available assets are so much reduced that we are compelled to go into liquidation." What were those losses and misfortunes? It is understood that one of the immediate causes of suspension was the failure of the London house of Alexander Collie & Co.—an unscrupulous firm which has brought disgrace on the banking system of England. With that house, Duncan, Sherman & Co. were doing a large business, particularly in cotton; and we can well imagine that, apart altogether from any other cause, the failure of Alexander Collie & Co. was fitted to put them to serious inconvenience. It is well known, however, that there were other causes. For years past, in addition to their business as bankers and exchange brokers, the firm have been doing a large trade as speculators in cotton. They have also, it is understood, invested largely in railway stock, such as the Atlantic and Great Western, the Erie, New York, Boston and Montreal. Much of this stock is, at present, valueless. It is a dead weight in the hands of those who own it. It represents capital, no doubt; but it is capital which is not immediately available. Heavy advances, again, had been made by the firm on cotton; and the sudden fall of prices, coupled with the failure

of Collie & Co., on whom they were depending for returns, goes far to show that the strain upon them had become severe and testing in the extreme. Add to all this that they had been sorely crippled by the panic of 1873, which brought down Jay Cooke & Co., Henry Clews and others, and we shall not, perhaps, find it difficult to explain why this most reputable and high-toned, as well as universally trusted, banking establishment should have tumbled to the ground. The fall was a surprise to the outside world. It was not, it could not be, a surprise to the bankers themselves.

Hitherto the press has treated the firm with the utmost kindness. With one or two exceptions, the newspapers have expressed for the Company deep and genuine sympathy. Nor is this much to be wondered at. The truth is not known; and it is but fair to wait for evidence before venturing to sum up and pronounce judgment. Then, again, the head of the firm has long been a public favorite—a favorite, particularly with the influential classes in the community; and in such a case, where there is no evidence of wrongdoing, the sufferer is as certain to receive, as he is fully entitled to, the sympathy and good-will of the people. It would be wrong, however, to take it for granted that if any evidence of wrongdoing is forthcoming, the press or the public will treat it lightly. Respect for William Butler Duncan and his partners will not blind us to their sins, if sins in this matter they have committed. Vice is not less offensive, to the pure in heart, that it floats about in silks and satins, shines with jewels and gold, and reposes in cushioned ease in palatial mansions and gilded halls. The thief is not less an enemy of mankind that he still enjoys all the luxuries of wealth, and that at one time he bore an irreproachable name. It will be well for Duncan, Sherman & Co. if they come out of this ordeal simply unfortunate men. It will be well, also, for the upper ten of New York society if such should be the fact; for the offenses of representative men affect the classes to which they belong. We say these things because we know that the result of the examination of the books and affairs of the firm is eagerly awaited. If these transfers of property can be satisfactorily explained; if the firm have not been deliberately providing for their own safety and comfort, while they have been receiving and using the money of others; if Fifth Avenue residences, and palaces on Staten Island and at Newport are allowed to go into stock to meet the claims of creditors, it will be well. If otherwise—if Duncan, Sherman & Co. are simply to discontinue banking and to retire to the full enjoyment of luxurious leisure in palatial homes, both in town and country, while their impoverished victims are uncared for, there will be such a tempest of popular indignation as has not been heard in many a day. Already it seems sufficiently plain to us that bankers should not be merchants. Such a combination of business is not good for themselves; it is unsafe for the public.

THE TWO INVESTIGATING COMMITTEES.

IT is now some two years since the ax was laid to what was supposed to be the root of the tree of official corruption in the city and State of New York. With the fall of Tweed and the overthrow of the Tammany Ring of that time, it was hoped, and even believed, that we had seen the worst and the last of crime in high places, and that a better day had already dawned upon us. Events which have since happened have shown that such hope was vain and that such belief was ill-founded. Bad as we knew the state of things to be at that time, we have been taught, by subsequent revelations, that they were much worse than we had supposed; and we are forbidden, by the disclosures of the day, to believe that the better and purer times have yet come.

For the last two weeks New York city has been the scene of the labor of two Assembly Committees. The one Committee has been appointed to investigate into the causes of crime in the city. The other has for its special business to inquire into the affairs of Quarantine and Emigration. The Committees owe their existence to suspicion and charges made against the New York Police in the one case, and against Albany Assemblymen in the other. The Committee on Quarantine and Emigration has adjourned until the 10th of August. The adjournment, however, did not take place until certain very important disclosures were made—disclosures which expose the weakness of public bodies and reveal the strange methods by which Albany legislation is accomplished. It has been clearly proved that Mr. Michael Nolan received from the steamship companies at least fifty-two thousand dollars, probably a much larger sum, for the purpose of helping them push a Bill through the Legislature, the object of which was to reduce emigrant head-money from two dollars and a half to one dollar and a half. It has also been proved that the Bill was passed with a suspicious promptitude. It has not been proved, however, that any of the Members of Assembly were bribed; for Mr. Nolan, taking the full benefit of a privilege which the constitution of the Committee of Investigation allows him, up to the day of adjournment persistently refused to say where he had deposited or what he

had done with the money. Mr. Nolan was fully entitled to withhold this information; but, on the eve of adjournment, he notified the Committee that he was anxious and willing to give them all the information they wished, and that with this end in view, he was now busy arranging his papers. The presumption, therefore, is, that after the 10th of August we shall know what Mr. Nolan did with his money, and whether any portion of the fifty or sixty thousand dollars found its way into the pockets of our State legislators. If we may not say more, we may, at least, say that as a result of what has already been done, Mr. Michael Nolan has found fame, and the finger of suspicion has been raised towards Albany.

The other Committee, which is still in session, has not been idle, nor has its labor been unproductive. It is no exaggeration to say that such disclosures were never before made in the history of any great city. It was well known that the police of the city were not what they ought to be. It was no secret that the police appointments, from the Chief downwards, were subject to political influence. It was a well-established truth that some of the men were in league with the criminal classes, and that for much of the unpunished crime, and for not a little of the existing iniquity, the superior officers were to blame. It was not known, however—it was not believed—that our entire police system was a vast network of villainy—a large and powerful organization existing for the protection and encouragement of the criminal classes. It was believed by many, at least, that they paid police rates in order to have their property, their homes and their persons protected; and on this return for their money they counted with confidence. But few of them imagined, before this Committee went to work, that the money they paid for the protection of life and property, and for the preservation of the peace, was expended for purposes entirely the opposite—for the nursing, encouragement and protection of crime. Yet such is the fact, as the evidence which is day after day brought before the Committee abundantly proves. It has been proved that houses of ill-fame, panel-houses, gambling-houses exist and flourish under the protection and patronage of the police. Nay, it has been sworn to that certain flash houses in the upper part of the city, whose virtue is more at a discount than money, pay large weekly sums for hush-money into the hands of the patrolman, who divides it with his captain; and sufficient evidence has already been produced to show that the thief and midnight burglar are safe so long as they are willing to divide the spoil with the patrolman and his superior officer. All this is bad enough; but it is even worse to think that a man who, filled with an honest desire to do his duty, seeks to bring criminals to justice, is thereby exposed to the vengeance of these police officials, and liable to be "slugged" by the captain's special order.

These Committees are both doing excellent work. It is painful to think that such a state of things exists around us. The evil does exist, however; and it is well that we should know it. It is matter of regret that the Committees are not invested with a larger authority. It is simply absurd that they should be able to subpoena witnesses without having the full power to compel personal attendance, the production of necessary books and papers, and a full revelation of the truth. The conduct of Nolan before the one Committee, and that of several witnesses before the other, should not be possible. Through the aid of willing witnesses a mass of most useful evidence may be collected; but Committees of such importance ought not to be left to the mercy of witnesses. Judge Learned's decision in the Canal Commission case is a most unhappy one. All such decisions tend to encourage crime. If legal, the law should be changed.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

THE mystery that surrounds the fate of Donaldson, the aeronaut, is yet unsolved. In all probability he, with his journalistic companion, has found a grave in Lake Michigan. It is a sad ending to a venturesome and valuable life. The young navigator of the air had hoped, in other fields than those of a mere exhibition of daring, to achieve something for the cause of science, and he had been pushing his studies to that end. Peace to his brave soul! The world could better have spared a less earnest man. Meanwhile, the Postmaster-General has had the problem of aerial navigation thrust upon his attention by an inventor who proposes to carry the mails to Europe through the upper air at the rate of seventy miles an hour. This new candidate for public favor claims to have solved the difficulties which have puzzled the aerostatic societies of England and France. It has been found easy enough hitherto to ascend above the clouds and to be whirled at a tremendous rate of speed in whatever direction the wind blew, but no one has yet been able to guide an air-ship at his will.

The world wondered when Montgolfier rose above the clouds in his chariot of heated air, and it dreamed that it beheld in this phenomenon the dawn of a new day in adventure and travel. Lives were recklessly sacrificed in the endeavor to utilize the new discovery. When gas came to be used in the place of heated air, the popular enthusiasm on the sub-

ject rose to a still higher pitch. Yet nearly a century has passed without bringing more tangible and practical results. Valuable observations of the aerial currents have been made, and the balloon has borne a not inconspicuous part in modern warfare, but not a tithe has been accomplished of all that the invention promised. English navigators made a voyage of twelve hundred miles across the Straits of Dover and the Continent of Europe. Two patriotic Frenchmen set out from Paris during the siege of that city by the Germans, and, after being whirled across the North Sea, were landed in a snow-drift in the bleak mountains of Norway, having traversed a distance of eighteen hundred and fifty miles. In our country, many years ago, Professor Wise with three companions started from St. Louis in a balloon, and ended a trip of more than eleven hundred miles in Jefferson County in this State. These were notable achievements, and each of them excited hopes of great results; but, practically, they came to nothing. They merely demonstrated that those who were willing to trust their lives to the mercy of a canvas bag and the winds could have the pleasure of being wafted above the clouds so long as their supply of gas held out. The ship could drift on the aerial ocean, but it could not navigate the trackless waste.

Does it follow, from this lack of practical results, that navigation of the air is an impossibility? By no means. That conclusion can only be reached by repeated experiment and failure. The fact that an inventor claims to have solved the problem of guiding an aerial craft on its voyage seems to demonstrate that we are yet in the infancy of experiment. The argument that pleads for patient trial is irresistible. Steam existed as a pliant power before Fulton harnessed it to a boat, yet he was laughed at as a madman for his labors of discovery. Franklin taught the world something about electricity, but when he was arranging the postal affairs of the young republic he would have smiled superior to the man who proposed to use the electric spark as a means of communicating intelligence. The men who mocked at Morse and jeered the idea of a submarine cable still live, and yet pride themselves on their shrewdness. So it may happen that he who laughs to-day at the man who proposes to carry the mails to Europe through the upper air will have to apologize to-morrow for his lack of faith.

The new navigator of space thinks he has overcome the difficulties in the way of successfully steering his ship by making use of an hydraulic engine. This is not a new idea, for the French Society of Aeronauts have already made some experiments in the same direction. The novel part of the American invention consists in having a propeller of two blades, and a rudder at each end of the craft. The former will work together to pull and to push the ship forward; the latter will so act as to preserve the harmony of motion in every part. As the insuperable difficulty hitherto has been the rotary tendency of the balloon when only one motor was employed, it is believed that the double propulsion now to be brought in use will render the guidance of the air-ship a comparatively easy matter. An apparatus to create a balance between the force of the wind and its resistance, and thus to enable the ship to stand still, completes the list of improvements which are presented as demonstrating a success. The inventor promises to land at New York, before the close of August, a balloon which shall be completely under the control of its engineer, and which shall take its straight course from our harbor for a designated port on the other side of the Atlantic. Should he do this, he will deserve to take rank with the world's benefactors.

On looking at the subject from an unprejudiced standpoint, there seems to be no good reason for doubting that the unexplored fields of air may be navigated by man. As great triumphs have been won heretofore by human skill. The industrial interests of the earth demand that the unused highways of the atmosphere shall be utilized for travel and traffic. Why may not the obstacles be overcome? The fish that cleaves the waves suggested the first ship. The bird that spreads his wings to the breeze is the precursor of the successful navigator of the air. If the idea of such a triumph is a dream, it is certainly no ignoble one. Even the balloon that is the sport of a multitude at a circus may have some such use as the tiny boat in which Fulton paddled around the Collect Pond, making strange experiments with steam. It may be that hereafter the good citizen of New York will find it safer to travel by balloon than to trust himself to the tender mercies of the railway-car or the steamboat. Haply he shall keep his own little craft in his backyard, and, when the labors of the day are ended, he will ascend with wife and child to the pure pathways of the clouds, and take his evening sail across bay and mountain. Who knows? Stranger dreams have made themselves real. Even in the dim hope of any such pleasant result it were wise to speak a good word for the inventor who says that it is possible.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING JULY 31, 1875.

Monday.....112½ @ 112½	Thursday...112½ @ 112½
Tuesday.....112 @ 112½	Friday.....112½ @ 113
Wednesday...112½ @ 114½	Saturday...112½ @ 113

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE OREGON DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM favors State Rights, the payment of the public debt, resumption of specie payments and legislative control of railroad fares and freights; demands reform in all departments, and bids for the support of the Patrons of Husbandry; opposes a protective tariff, paper currency, national banks, Chinese emigration, fraud and corruption in office.

STRIKES IN SWITZERLAND.—Strikes, it would seem, are not confined, at the present moment, solely to Great Britain and the United States. The disease has broken out also in Switzerland among the workmen employed at the St. Gothard tunnel. Some 2,200 joined in the strike; an attempt was made to block up the tunnel, but the Swiss soldiery were summoned to the spot and were successful in restoring order, but not until two of the rioters were killed and several wounded.

A VERY GENERAL EXPECTATION is embodied in the prediction of the *Elmira Gazette* that the next State Convention will indorse Governor Tilden and his administration, and particularly his measures and methods of reform in relation to canal management. "The Governor," says the *Gazette*, "needs no special champions. The Democratic masses approve his official conduct, and they will be represented in the State Convention."

THE NATHAN MURDER.—MR. CONKLIN'S STORY.—It would certainly have been strange if the police investigations could have gone on for any length of time without in some way touching the Nathan case. They have touched it in a very emphatic manner. If Mr. Conklin's story be true, the New York police are worse than their worst enemies believed them to be. It does seem incredible that Captain Davis should threaten to "bounce" a policeman for trying to find out Mr. Nathan's murderer, or that Superintendent Jordan should say to him in the presence of the Chief of the Detective Squad, "If you don't drop the Nathan business, you won't wear the buttons twenty-four hours." Yet such is the fact—unless Mr. Conklin lies. There seems to be some devilish secret about the whole affair. Do the police really know who murdered Mr. Nathan? Where is Michael Ryan? Let the truth be brought out, and let the guilty be punished.

THE EXAMINATION OF MR. MICHAEL NOLAN by the Assembly Committee investigating emigration affairs, concerning large sums of money received by him for securing legislation at Albany, in 1871, for the steamship companies, was continued on July 24th, when he refused to tell with whom he shared the money. On July 25th several witnesses testified before the Committee as to his work in getting head-money reduced, and Mr. Nolan resigned his position as Assistant District Attorney. Upon "stepping down and out," he wrote to Mr. Phelps that he is conscious that there is "no moral turpitude" in what he did concerning the head-money. However this may be, it is alleged that Mr. Nolan received from the steamship companies about \$90,000—one company alone paying him \$18,357. How much went into his own pocket, and how much, if any, into other hands, he has not yet revealed. Meanwhile, the public must patiently await the full statement of accounts relating to the receipts, disbursements, etc., in the matter of his head-money fees, which Mr. Nolan is said to be preparing.

THE RIGHT REV. CONNOP THIRLWALL, D.D., BISHOP OF ST. DAVIDS.—Among the deaths which have been made known to us during the last few days, by the Atlantic cable, we notice that of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Thirlwall. The bishop, who has long been recognized as occupying a prominent place in the front rank of English scholars and divines, had reached the ripe age of seventy-eight years. Born at Stepney on the 11th of February, 1797, he was educated first at the Charterhouse and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1825; but afterwards, taking holy orders, he was ordained in 1828, and became Rector of Kirby-Underdale, Yorkshire. In 1840 he was promoted by the late Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, to the Bishopric of St. Davids, made vacant by the death of Dr. Jenkinson. He was associated with the late Archdeacon Hare in the translation of Niebuhr's "History of Rome"; and his own "History of Greece," originally published in "Lardner's Encyclopedia," but since enlarged, has been pronounced by competent judges one of the best historical works of this age. Mr. Grote paid him the compliment of saying that if he had known that Bishop Thirlwall was engaged on a history of Greece he would not have ventured to compete with him in the same field. Bishop Thirlwall was more than once spoken of as a likely person to fill the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury; and it was generally believed at the time that but for the known preference of the Queen for Dr. Tait, he would have succeeded to that chair on the occasion of the death of the late Archbishop Longley. The death of Bishop Thirlwall has deprived the English Church of one of its staunchest pillars. During many years of troublous controversy, of innovation and reaction, his wisdom was always to be relied upon—his good sense never deserted him. His sympathies were broad and deep; but his vision was clear, his will strong and his faith steady.

THE PLIMSOLL CASE AND THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.—On Thursday, the 29th ultimo, Mr. Plimsoll, the member for Derby, reappeared in the House of Commons, and, with a caution which was commendable in the circumstances, read his apology. He withdrew, as he said, with reluctance his unparliamentary expressions, but his statement of facts must remain. After he had formally submitted his case to the House, Mr. Disraeli arose and asked that the order moving for the reprimand of Mr. Plimsoll be discharged. Messrs. Bentinck and Newdegate objected; but the order was discharged by an overwhelming majority. The affair is ended; but that it happened at all must be regarded as a misfortune. The House of Commons, as an institution, has long commanded the respect,

esteem and admiration of the world. We know of no intelligent man who, however much he may dislike the oligarchical system of government, would wish to see the staid dignity of the House of Commons seriously disturbed. And why should it be otherwise? It has made the civilized world its debtor. It is the parent and pattern of all free legislative assemblies. The members of that House do well to be jealous of its dignity, and conservative as to its rights. The invasion of that House cost a king his throne, and, finally, his head. Mr. Plimsoll, no matter what the excellency of his motives or the justice of his cause, made a grievous blunder. It was right that he should be punished; and gentlemen might have been excused if they had refused to be associated with a man who had brought a scandal upon the House, and denounced its members as villains. Thanks to the good nature of the Prime Minister, the member for Derby has got easily out of his difficulty. It was humiliating, no doubt, to apologize; but an apology reluctantly made was but small atonement for an offense which, in other times, and under a sterner master, would have permanently disqualified him for parliamentary honors. Mr. Plimsoll is a person, we believe, of a very violent temper; but a man liable to excitement and incapable of self-control is unfitted for the atmosphere of the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli is much to blame for the whole affair. It was he who provoked Mr. Plimsoll's fierce and violent outburst of temper; and by practically yielding to Mr. Plimsoll's demands, and restoring him to his place without reprimand, he has not only lowered the dignity of the House, but given large encouragement to such refractory conduct in the future. It does not appear as if age was ripening the genius of Mr. Disraeli as it ripened that of the late Lord Palmerston.

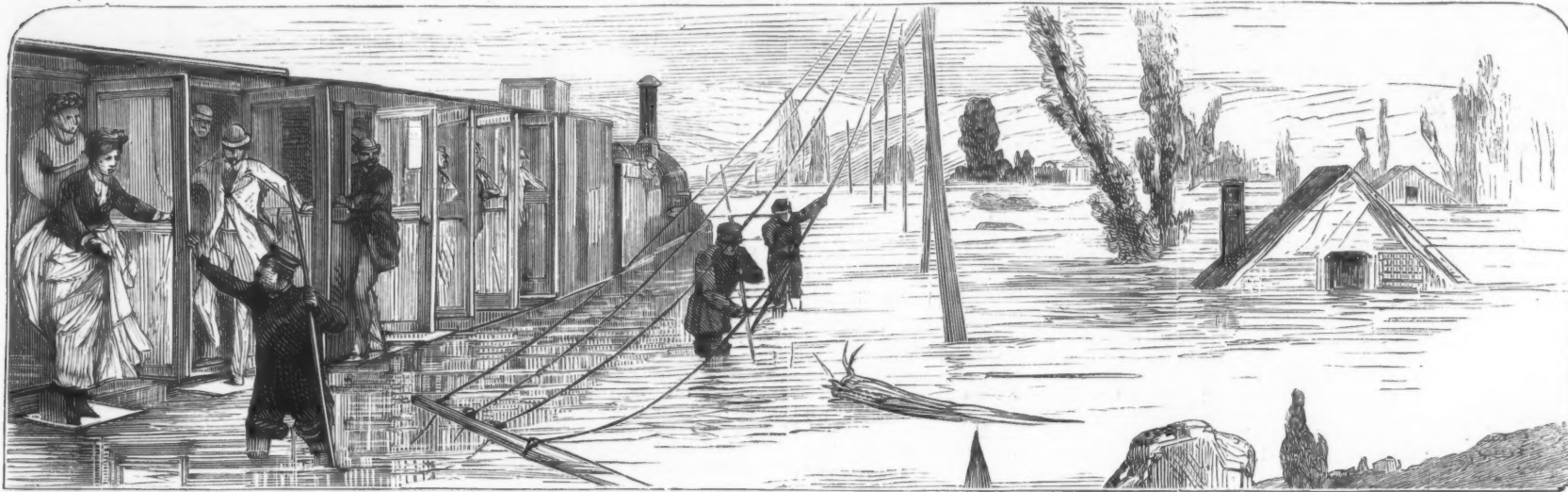
NEWS OF THE WEEK. DOMESTIC.

TWENTY-NINE cases of yellow fever were reported at Fort Barrancas, Fla. . . . Attorney General Field, of Louisiana, began proceedings against the State Auditor, State Treasurer, Secretary of State, Speaker of the House, and State Senator Horwig, for fraud. . . . Fifty-two indictments were found against revenue officers and distillers at Milwaukee. . . . The Committee on Organization of Tammany Hall decapitated John Morrissey. James Hayes and Senator Ledwith. . . . District Attorney Fisher, of the District of Columbia, handed in his resignation. . . . An indictment was found against W. O. Avery, late Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department, for complicity in the whisky frauds. . . . Michael Nolan, Assistant District Attorney at New York, resigned in consequence of "the unfortunate prominence which certain facts, with which I have been intimately connected, have assumed for the last few days," which facts were developed in the Emigrant Investigation. . . . Deaths and fresh cases of yellow fever were reported from Florida. . . . Prof. Janney announced a discovery of gold in paying quantities in the Black Hills. . . . Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., bankers of New York city, suspended, with \$6,000,000 liabilities. . . . Western Connecticut was surprised by an earthquake. . . . John S. Pillsbury received the Republican nomination for Governor of Minnesota. . . . W. O. Avery, ex-Chief Clerk of the Treasury, was arrested on the indictment from St. Louis. . . . The Commercial Warehouse Company of New York city suspended, with \$1,500,000 liabilities. . . . A flood on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad carried away twelve miles of track. . . . Secretary Bristow called in five-twenty bonds to the amount of \$14,897,200. . . . H. D. Dennison, ex-Canal Contractor was discharged by Judge Learned, who decided that the Canal Frauds Commission could not punish for contempt. . . . The firm of John Mason & Co., sugar importers of Philadelphia, failed for \$200,000. . . . Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co. called a meeting of their creditors to devise means of escape from business embarrassments. . . . The investigation of the Mountain Meadow massacre was continued, Brigham Young and George A. Smith endeavoring to beg off examination. . . . Judge Love, of the United States District Court, of Keokuk, Iowa, accepted a professorship in the University Law School. . . . Worth & Watson, wholesale grocers, New York city, suspended, with \$63,466 liabilities. . . . The Board of Inquiry for the trial of Bishop Whittingham of Maryland began its session at Baltimore. . . . Serious feuds broke out among the Indians of Indian Territory on account of the election for principal chief. . . . A reunion of Rhode Island veterans was held at Oakland Beach. . . . Colby University conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon ex-Speaker Blaine. . . . Bishop Ames, Wayne McVeigh and Governor Bullock refused to serve on the Indian Commission. . . . Ex-President Johnson died on the 31st ult. . . . The Treasury Department adopted a new system of stamping whisky packages. . . . General George E. Pickett, who led the brilliant charge of Virginia troops against the Union troops on Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg, died at Norfolk, Va.

FOREIGN.

GENERAL MARTINEZ-CAMPOS carried the town of Seo de Urgel by assault, but the Carlists still held the citadel. . . . The Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet at Guildhall to 650 guests, including the Foreign Ministers. . . . Mr. Plimsoll read a letter of apology for his conduct in the Commons, but stuck to his statement of facts. . . . Dublin will have a large influx of people on the occasion of the O'Connell centenary. . . . Nearly 3,000 workmen employed at the St. Gothard Tunnel in Switzerland struck, and were dispersed by national troops. . . . Campbell & Cassels, bankers at Toronto, suspended on account of the Duncan, Sherman & Co. failure. . . . An international camp-meeting will be held, August 25th, at Brookville, Canada. . . . Major Fulton received the Wimbledon cup from the hands of the Princess Louise. . . . Don Carlos wrote to King Alfonso suggesting that he exercise less rigor in the conduct of the war. . . . Mr. Plimsoll was "vindicated" by a mass-meeting at Birkenhead. . . . By a strike at Oldham, England, 13,000 operatives were thrown out of work. . . . The French Minister of Public Works estimated the damage by the recent floods at \$15,000,000. . . . Spain proposes to contract a loan of \$7,000,000 to pay for the emancipation of slaves in Porto Rico. . . . In the late election to the Bavarian Lower House the Ultramontanes secured a majority of three. . . . The exchange of postal orders between Canada and the United States went into effect August 2d. . . . Eight persons in Russia were convicted of being engaged in a socialist conspiracy. . . . Much suffering from drought in the provinces of Minho and Algarve was reported from Portugal. . . . A National College of Agriculture is to be established at Santiago, Chili. . . . President Gonzales succeeded in restoring order at San Miguel, in the Republic of Salvador, and a number of ecclesiastics were expelled. . . . The entire draft of the proposed Spanish Constitution was adopted by the Committee. . . . Reports from Catalonia announce the surrender of a large body of Carlists to the Royalists. . . . The members of the American rifle team visited the Woolwich Arsenal, and were made the subjects of marked courtesies. . . . An indictment for misdemeanor was found against Colonel Baker for assault upon a young lady.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 395.



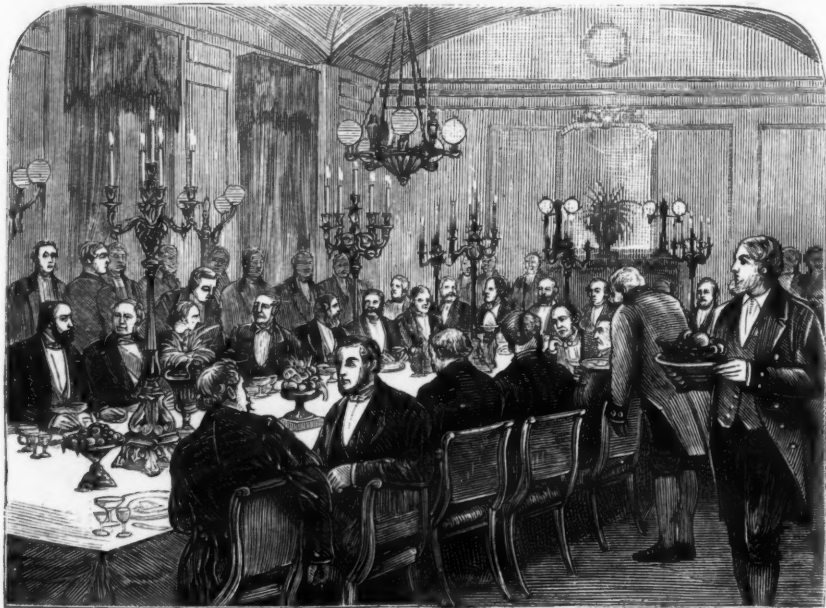
FRANCE.—A RAILWAY TRAIN STOPPED, NEAR TOULOUSE, BY THE WATERS.



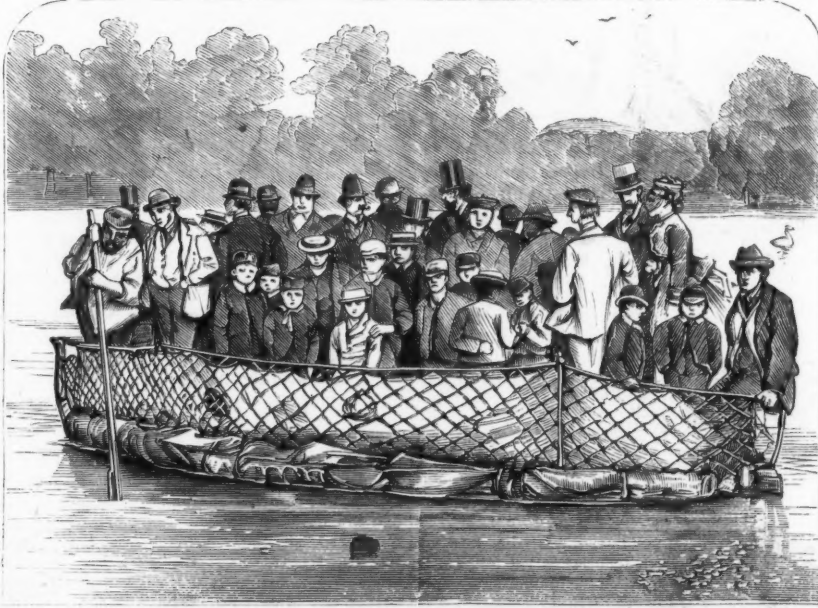
HUNGARY.—EFFECTS OF THE STORM AND FLOOD AT BUDA-PESTH.



GERMANY.—MASQUERADE FESTIVAL OF BERLIN ARTISTS, ON THE SPREE—SHAM PIRATES.



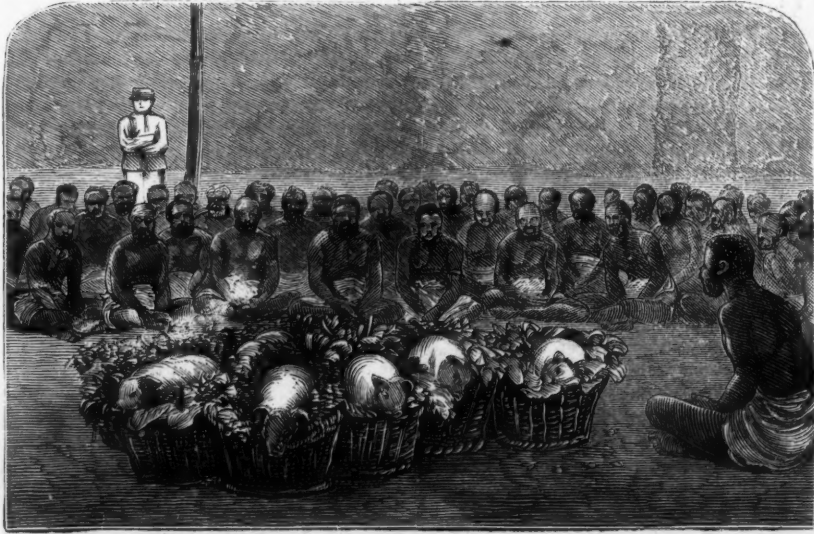
ENGLAND.—A MINISTERIAL DINNER IN DOWNING STREET, LONDON.



SAVING LIFE AT SEA.—PARRATT'S NEW PATENT DECK-SEAT LIFE-RAFT.



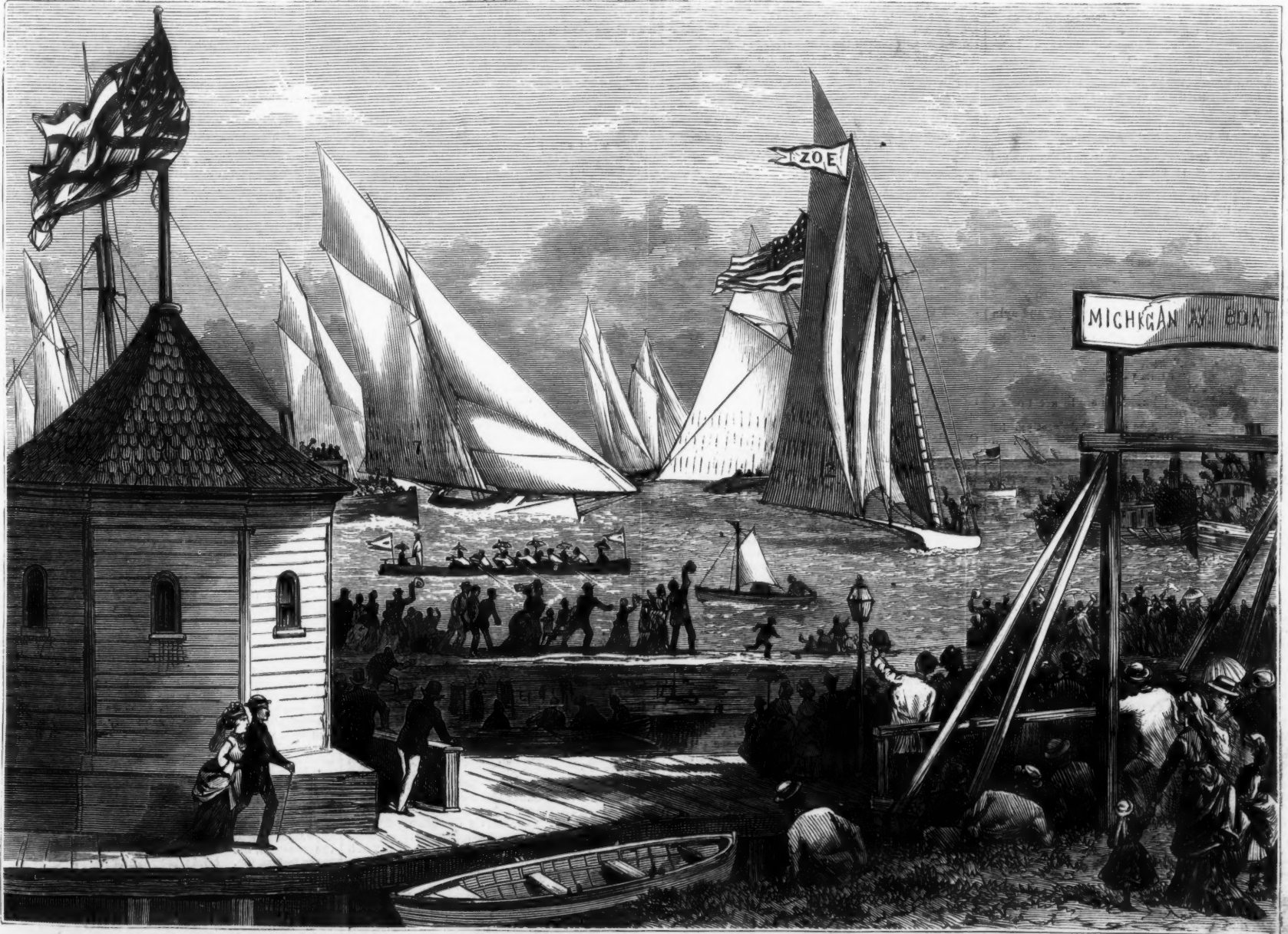
FIJI ISLANDS.—VISIT OF THE NATIVES TO H. M. S. "DIDO."



FIJI ISLANDS.—THE NATIVE BANQUET IN HONOR OF HER MAJESTY'S ADMINISTRATOR.



NEW YORK CITY.—FAILURE OF THE BANKING-HOUSE OF DUNCAN, SHERMAN & CO.—THE EXCITEMENT AT THE CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU STREETS IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE FAILURE.
SEE PAGE 395.



ILLINOIS.—YACHT REGATTA AT CHICAGO—SCENE AT THE FOOT OF TWELFTH STREET, LAKE PARK—THE "ZOE" WINNING.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH E. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 395.

A TARTAR LOVE-SONG.

BLOW, wind, blow!
And carry news of me
Away to Astrabad,
Where dwells my dear Sakina
And, soon as you have seen her,
Your wings in her bosom throw,
And say, "A Tartar lad
Has sent this kiss to thee!"

KU KLUX JACK.

HE was a gigantic negro of unmixed blood—not a drop of Caucasian contaminating the pure Guinea life-fluid in his veins. I first saw him at the trial of Dr. L— and his son, in S— Court House, North Carolina for alleged participation in certain Ku Klux atrocities. The negro was the main witness against the prisoners, who were convicted and sentenced to protracted terms of imprisonment, while solemnly affirming their innocence.

At the hotel that evening I again met the negro, who was employed about the house in some capacity—porter or waiter, I could hardly determine which, for he carried my baggage from the street to the room, and at supper stood behind my chair, attending to my wants.

The next day I called upon Captain Blank, the Provost Marshal, then the terror of North Carolina Ku Klux. He was crowded with business, receiving reports, issuing orders of arrest, etc., a score of booted and spurred assistants circling in and out and around—the scene reminding me of the one I participated in eight years before, when detailed to act as clerk at Burnside's headquarters in Knoxville. My sensations were different, however, then than now. Then I looked off over the plateau that stretched beyond our rifle-pits, and my eye rested upon opposing works; upon lines of gray-coated veterans, the flower of the rebel army, who, under their able leader, Longstreet, prepared for an onslaught upon my comrades and myself. I was proud of my position then—of my work. It was man's work, true work for a citizen of our grand Republic. Now!

"There come more prisoners!" exclaimed an orderly.

I looked up for a moment, forgetting the eight years that had passed, and glanced at the prisoners, expecting to see the ragged gray uniforms and hard, bronzed faces of my old foes. I saw an old infirm man, with thin gray hair, plodding wearily along between his captors, his dim eyes bent upon the ground with an expression of hopeless despair that made me feel very uncomfortable. Beside the old man there were two boys—little more, for the eldest was but nineteen. They did not appear like rebels. I looked up and down the street, and saw mounted orderlies—a great deal of the pomp of war, but no enemies, not a rebel—unless we so class the few citizens who were grouped opposite the marshal's office, regarding the prisoners with that expression of hopeless sympathy that must have been common among the spectators around the French guillotine in the days of Marat.

Passing into the office, I found the captain in conversation with a negro who sat with his back to the door, so that I could not see his face. There was something familiar, I thought, about the muscular frame and square-shaped, woolly head, and I soon recognized my acquaintance of the court-room and hotel, who had, two hours before, stood behind my chair at the breakfast-table.

Captain B. had no time to waste upon journalists. He, as the representative of the United States Government, had to ferret out and bring to justice the criminals who offended against the laws of an independent State. In other words, he was North Carolina, by virtue of his commission as an officer in the United States Army. Perhaps my meaning is not exactly plain to the reader; I should be surprised if it was, for it is not to myself.

"You appear to have a great deal of business," I remarked to the negro, whom I met at the hotel soon after.

"Heaps of business now-days," he replied in his stolid, almost stupid, way. "Ise g'wine out wid de sojers dis afternoon."

"Going with the soldiers, eh?" I repeated.

"Ya-as; Ise got to show 'em de way to Turkey Bend. We heard dat Colonel Mings kim home las' night—" He paused, and, regarding me keenly for a moment, said, abruptly:

"From de Norf, I reckon?"

I replied affirmatively.

"Spontent—paper-writer?"

"The same."

"So I har. 'Publi-can—goes fo' de Norf, and agin de Souf?" he asked.

"I have never voted 'ny other ticket than the Republican."

"Dat's de ticket," nodding his head in an approving manner. "I tells yo', de Ku Klux hab to toe de mark now-days."

"So I should judge; but the people are not all Ku Klux, are they?"

"Putty much all ob dem am, an' de rest am jist as bad. But I tell yo', times hab altered. De man dat gwos agin de bracks now, hab to suffer. We was am on de top now."

Notwithstanding my Republicanism, the words of the negro grated upon my Caucasian sensibilities, and I had to fight down a treasurable feeling of sympathy for the white men who must be under "we uns."

My face was more of an index to my thoughts than I realized. At all events the landlord appeared to read it correctly, for as I sat upon the stoop that afternoon, enjoying my cigar, my gaze following the squad of soldiers as they filed down the street, with the negro strutting in advance, my host addressed me:

"That's a sight I never expected to see in North Carolina. The negro told the truth—times have altered."

"They have, indeed," I replied. "I lived South before the war, and I must say that the change is most radical."

"That's the word, exactly. Radical tells the story. Stranger, how long is this going to last, d'ye reckon?"

"I cannot tell you, in months or in years, but it will continue until the people of the United States deem a political change expedient, and vote in accordance."

"There's got to be a change before long, or we'll be c'tar ruined. The whites will all be drove out, or shut up for Ku Kluxers."

"You, who have been law-abiding citizens, have nothing to fear."

"Dr. L— was a law-abiding citizen."

"But he confessed his connection with the Ku Klux organization."

"What of that? Is thar any law agin secret societies in North Carolina? Stranger, I heard, and saw all that passed between you and Jack this morning, and, for all you said you was a 'Republican, your face showed plain dat you d'n't believe in putting white men c'tar down under niggers."

"I don't believe in injustice to black or white," I replied.

"Exactly; I read that as plain as you can spell 'Daniel Hackett,' off on the sign-post there. So I dare talk to you. You don't understand this Ku Klux matter. Why, there ain't ten-decent men in the country but what belong to it. You see, after the war, we were all turned upside down, and didn't know what to do. Congress was bound to ruin us, and first took the vote away from our best men and give it to the niggers. Then the soldiers got up a society that everybody said was sworn to keep the South down. So, in self-defense, we joined together in a society. But there's nothing unlawful in it, and I'll give any man ten dollars if he'll find a word in the constitution or by-laws agin the United States Government."

"Whipping and shooting negroes, burning houses and mobbing teachers are not lawful amusements," I suggested.

"Thar's no denyin'—my host was not at all grammatical, especially when a trifle excited—"thar's no denyin' that thar's been a heap of that kind of work done. You'll find reckless fellows everywhere, and half-a-dozen or a dozen dare-devils in this county has raised all this rumpus. Such men as Dr. L— and Colonel Mings never rode raids. The doctor never denied joining the society, but he proved he didn't have anything to do with whipping the preacher's family. You saw and heard it all. Two of our best men swore that they were at the doctor's house that same night, and that neither him nor Sammy stepped out-doors from dark till the next morning. Then that lying negro stands up and swears that he was hid in the brush and saw them both in the gang; and the court takes his word agin the other two. You saw it, stranger, didn't you?"

I could not deny it, and, therefore, changed the subject by asking:

"Who is this porter of yours? He seems to be an important personage in the court-room and about the provost's office."

"Why, haven't you heard of Ku Klux Jack?"

"Not that I remember."

"I thought everybody had heard of the nigger. He is what we call a 'bad nigger,' and he bore that name before the war, so the Colonel—Mings—couldn't find a buyer for him, though he tried hard to sell him. He run away and lived in the swamp three years. When the war broke out, he managed to get word to the colonel that he was tired of freedom, and if his master would forgive him he'd give himself up. I was with my regiment at the time, and only know about the matter by hearsay. I know the colonel let him come back as if nothing had happened, and took him to the front with him. After that he heard that the negro tried to run off to the Yankees, with a heap of money, and the colonel was obliged to sell him to a Florida major. He showed himself here about a week after the soldiers come, and you see what his business is. He's swore a heap of innocent men into prison, and gets his name, Ku Klux Jack, because he is all the time hunting down some white man."

"I wonder at your keeping him in your employ," I said. "Your antipathy to him is so evident that I should think you would discharge him at once."

"I would, mighty quick, if I dared do it."

"Dare!" I repeated.

"That's the word, stranger, dare. You have seen what the negro can do in the line of swearing, and I don't want to be the next man he goes into court against. Then he is a handy fellow round a house, and don't cost anything but his victuals. Some two months ago the marshal asked me to take him in, and give him his board for what choring he could do round the house. I refused, saying I wouldn't have the critter on the place if he'd pay double board in gold. The next day a soldier told me, as a friend, that my name had been found signed to the oath of the Southern—to the Ku Klux, as you call it—and he was afraid I'd have trouble. Of course, the fellow was sent with the story, and there's no denying but it worried me mightily; so, when the negro came down with a note from the marshal, asking if I had decided on the subject, I told the fellow to stay. I knew 'twas just a matter of taking him in to be a reg'lar spy on my guests, or of going to jail myself."

The approach of a third party put an end to the conversation, and the landlord went about his duties, leaving me to finish my cigar and ponder his words. I remained in S— until early Winter, observing the progress of justice, and, I must admit, receiving some new impressions, both moral and political. I saw much of the outside workings of the "Enforcement Act," and was enabled to judge something of its inner workings by the actions of its instruments. Ku Klux Jack was evidently a valuable adjunct of the United States Government in its attempt to execute the State laws. I say the State laws, for the men punished were charged with crimes of which the State took cognizance, such as arson, murder, assaults, etc. I took considerable notice of the negro, and can affirm that the Government had no more zealous instrument than was he. He was quiet and unobtrusive, rarely speaking, unless first addressed; but I soon saw that what he lacked in speech he made up in observation.

His life had been one of constant adventure. One thing was certain, he had witnessed an incredible number of crimes and breaches of the peace, and, when not a witness himself, he always knew where to find unimpeachable evidence, sufficient to convict, in spite of all alibis. Of his experience after he was sold by Colonel Mings until his reappearance in the neighborhood in the rôle of a Ku Klux detective and chronic witness, he had little to say. He affirmed, however, that about two years before the coming of the soldiers he returned to his old hiding-place in the swamps, where he remained until prepared to manifest himself. Those two years had been busy ones. His entire energies had been devoted to the Ku Klux marauders—to watching their movements, penetrating their mysteries, and warning their intended victims. On countless occasions he had stolen to their rendezvous, in some graveyard—had followed them to the buildings they burned, and witnessed their murders and whippings. Thus had he gained that fund of knowledge, so wonderfully displayed on the trial and in the witness-box, which had given him his name—Ku Klux Jack.

The season was most prolific in arrests, convictions and punishments. The people were panic-stricken. None felt secure, for none escaped who were once indicted. Against every prisoner appeared witnesses who swore positively to his guilt. His former good character weighed naught in his favor—the worthlessness of the negro weighed naught against his evidence. The whites were appalled. The negroes revelled in revenge.

Ku Klux Jack was in his glory. Hardly a day passed that his services were not required in tracking or condemning some victim—criminal, I should say. He evidently considered me in full accord and sympathy with "we uns"—as he termed the marshal's force, for he was more communicative with me than with any others about the hotel. Often when returned from an expedition he would make me acquainted with its object and results, as—"We nabbed ol' Saunders dis evening."

"I've been layin' fo' de ol' coon dis two months." Or, "Been ober to Turkey Bend—didn't fin' de colonel, dough." After a conviction he would chuckle: "I tells yo' but dey do hab to git." But the expression that seemed to afford him the greatest gratification, and which he repeated frequently, was, "Times hab altered. De man dat gwos agin de bracks now hab to suffer."

There were two hotels in the place that could boast of any respectability. One was kept by a Northern man, and was patronized almost exclusively by Northern men and Southern radicals. I had, unwittingly, chosen the "old tavern," kept by an ex-rebel and avowed Ku Kluxer. I presume that had I known the political standing of the two houses upon my first arrival, I should have patronized the first, for I was a rabid Republican, and an original Abolitionist. But I saw no reason to change my quarters after my choice was made. Indeed, I was very pleasantly situated. My Ku Klux host understood his art, and catered admirably, and the society was wholly to my liking. Among the guests were several young Southerners, with whom I became quite intimate. They were fine, gay fellows, gentlemen in every respect, and I passed many agreeable hours in their society. One day a young gentleman from Louisiana arrived at our hotel. His name was Sinclair—Rutledge Sinclair, I think—and he was an acquaintance of my Southern friends, who had for some weeks been expecting his arrival. I was in the office when he registered his name; and during the interchange of greetings—the friendly flush of excitement that accompanies such scenes—Jack stood just without the door, unnoticed by all except myself.

Happening to look at the negro, I marked the expression of his face as he watched the newcomer. It is difficult to define the changes in a negro's expression, but there was a glitter in Jack's eyes that I had noted when he was angry, or when he was conversing about his life as a slave. I attached no importance to the incident, however, although I afterwards noticed that Jack seemed to have imbibed a marked antipathy to the young gentleman. As for Sinclair, I do not think that he ever saw Jack, for the latter studiously avoided him, never entering a room when he was present. I knew the negro's hatred of all Southerners who had been slave-owners, and I interpreted his antipathy to Sinclair as hatred of the class to which the young man belonged.

Two or three weeks after Sinclair's coming, several of the guests assembled in my room to spend a social evening. Sinclair and I had discovered a new bond of sympathy and cause for friendship. He had served under Longstreet, and was at the siege of Knoxville. He had charged with his rebel comrades upon the rifle-pits I helped to defend. We had shot at each other, perhaps wounded each other, for we both received hurts at that time—and of course it increased our mutual regard to learn the truth now. To any one but an old soldier my language will sound like intended sarcasm; but I assure the reader that it is not. Next to the regard comrades who fought shoulder to shoulder feel for each other, is the regard they feel for a brave and honorable foe, when they meet in peace after the conflict is over.

Our conversation was naturally of the war; and as we had each borne a part in the drama of rebellion, we had many incidents to relate. Sinclair had taken part in the Bull Run and Lookout Mountain fights, and was in each battle saved from death or captivity by the bravery and noble devotion of his comrade and sworn friend—a young Louisianian by the name of Barnard Sloan. At Lookout Mountain he was wounded and left upon the field, where he was found by his friend, who carried him to a deserted hovel, and there nursed him back to life. As he related this, his voice became tremulous, and his face wore a saddened expression: "It was a noble act, and just what one would expect from poor Sloan," he continued. "You were acquainted with him, were you not, Charles?" addressing one of the party.

"Slightly. I met him in Savannah, after the surrender. What were the particulars of his death? He was assassinated by a negro, was he not?"

"He was; and the murderer has never been arrested, I regret to say," replied Sinclair.

The subject thus introduced led to the relation by Sinclair of the circumstances attending his friend's death. I wish I could recall it to memory, word for word, as it was told. It was a story of brutal revenge. A gigantic negro, a stolid, ignorant creature, with all the malignity, all the sensuality, all that is coarse and evil in man's nature, and thus far human—but with none of the nobility of manhood—such a being attempted the commission of an atrocious crime. The timely appearance of Sloan prevented its consummation; but the attempt was in itself a crime, and one so abhorrent, that the entire community were aroused. The negro was captured and placed upon trial. One would think that he had forfeited all sympathy, and that every voice would demand his punishment. It was not so. Officers of the General Government, and of the State Government, bureau agents, and others, espoused his cause. He was declared innocent. He was a poor negro, and the whole prosecution was an outrage perpetrated by unrepentant rebels in their rage and hate.

The evidence against him was direct and positive, and, withal, unimpeachable. He could not escape scot-free. He was convicted of assault, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. One week thereafter he broke jail, by aid of outside parties, and was not recaptured.

From that day young Sloan was the victim of various persecutions. His outbuildings were burned, his cattle killed, and his crops destroyed before coming to maturity. The negro had found a secure hiding-place in the neighborhood—for no one doubted that he was the author of the outrages. This state of affairs continued for more than two years, and although frequent search was made for the culprit, he was not discovered. In the meantime Sinclair paid his old friend a visit, at the latter's home, fifty miles above New Orleans. One day, while on a gunning expedition, the young men strayed so far that nightfall found them several miles from home, in a wild region, where they were surrounded with swamps and tangled thickets, difficult to traverse by daylight, and almost impassable when involved in the gloom of night—even with the beams from a full moon struggling through the tree-tops, and dimly lighting the forest paths.

They were so bewildered that they only hoped to make their way out of the swamp into a certain highway, which they supposed they might strike by proceeding in a northerly direction. By the aid of a small pocket-compass, they were enabled to keep their bearings; but after traveling much further than they expected would be necessary to attain their object, they issued from the swamp into a pine-forest. Sinclair said:

"We were now discouraged, and throwing ourselves upon the ground—and it was something to find dry earth once more—we held a consultation. Sloan was in favor of kindling a fire and lying down beside it until morning. We had food with us, and the night was warm and clear. Two or

three times while picking our way through the swamp I had imagined that I could hear footsteps behind us; and now, as we sat in consultation, the sudden snapping of a dry stick startled us both, and, looking in the direction of the sound, I plainly saw, or thought I saw, the form of a man glide behind a large pine a few rods distant.

"That is a man!" I cried, and he has been following us all the evening!"

"Oh, no, you are mistaken," replied Barney. "Such sounds are very frequent in the forest. It was an animal of some kind."

"I was confident, however, and we proceeded to the spot. But to my surprise, not a trace of human presence could be seen."

"You are fatigued, and somewhat nervous," said Sloan, with a smile, "and I know how easily one may be deceived when in that state."

"Starting forward, we proceeded about a mile, when we came to another marsh. At that we gave up entirely, and, collecting some dry fuel, kindled a fire. To old campaigners like us

"A Summer's night in greenwood spent,
Were but to-morrow's merriment."

and sitting beside the cheerful blaze, first stacking our fowling-pieces against a tree, we ate our lunch in high humor, feeling rather satisfaction than discontent with the fate that doomed us to bivouac together once more.

"Wearied though we were, we did not seek sleep, but sat for a long time recalling incidents in our soldiering career. I was not wholly at ease, however. My thoughts would revert to the figure I had seen, and I kept hearing noises around us, like the stealthy footfalls of human beings. I said nothing, for I was ashamed to exhibit any further nervousness upon the subject."

"After a while our conversation began to flag, and I noticed that my friend became absent and thoughtful. Once he gave a slight start, and glanced keenly around him, and after that his eyes were frequently turned in the direction of a clump of young pines, that stood a few rods from our fire."

"It is singular," he said—as if communing with his own thoughts—after a short silence, during which he had carefully scanned the clump of pines, "but I would almost swear I saw a man standing there."

"Where?" I exclaimed. "I tell you, Barney, we have been followed all night!"

"I can hardly believe it, and yet—"

"Stopping abruptly, he sprang from the ground, and, drawing his bowie-knife, darted towards the clump of pines, crying:

"Halt! whoever you are! I will learn your purpose in dogging our steps thus!"

"Seizing my revolver, I arose to follow him; but before I gained my feet he had reached the pines, and stood peering on every side, as if at fault."

"Not a sign of anything here!" he called; "so you may as well stay where you are. I declare, Rut, I think the barren must be haunted!"

"The moon was shining brightly, and illumined the open forest—the trees standing far apart—so that I could distinctly see my friend's features, and note every movement. He stood a moment beside the clump of pines, and then making some laughing remark, moved slowly back to rejoin me at the fire. At that instant a dark form dropped from the thick branches above his head and stood behind him. He heard the movement, and wheeled to confront the intruder as my cry of warning was given, and I started forward. I heard a single exclamation of surprise, on the part of my friend, coupled with a savage oath from the negro, and then the black hand was raised, and a knife-blade glittered in the moon's rays."

"I cannot describe what followed. I was terror-stricken; it was all so sudden and unexpected, I can remember grasping my revolver, and dashing forward with a yell of rage and fear. There was a brief struggle: I saw blows given and received, and then I was following the flying form of the assassin through the woods, pouring shot after shot from my revolver as I ran—the glimpse I had had of my friend's upturned face, ghastly and blood-stained, rousing a demon within me. Everything that occurred is now remembered as one remembers the incidents of a horrible dream. The assassin soon eluded me, and I returned to where Sloan lay. He was still conscious. I lifted him up in my arms as I would a child, and carried him to the fire. He was mortally wounded—not a shadow of hope. It was too evident when I tore away his garments and saw the mangled side and breast."

"I groaned in agony of mind. I could only think of Lookout Mountain, and his devotion there—of Bull Run, where he received the old scar—that showed beside the new wounds—while saving my life. I continued to work over him, tearing my shirt into bandages to bind up his hurts, until suddenly the sound of wheels, near at hand, was heard. I ran in the direction, and found that we were within twenty rods of the highway we had striven so hard to reach. A carriage was coming, and I halted it. It contained two men who assisted me to remove Barnard, and place him in bed at a planter's residence two miles distant. The poor fellow received every care, and all that medical science could accomplish. But it was all in vain. He lingered along until the fourth day, and then died."

"And the assassin! Did you make no effort to bring him to punishment?" asked one of the listeners.

"I have never ceased my efforts," was the quiet reply.

"But he has escaped thus far."

"Do you think you would recognize him, should you chance to meet him?" I inquired.

"I think so, for I have a minute description of his person. He was the same negro who was imprisoned through Sloan's efforts. He bears one mark that will aid in his identification. In the struggle, my friend gave him a cut across the breast. I saw the wound as he tore away from his victim's grasp, and know that it must leave a deep scar."

A slight noise at the door caused Sinclair to pause. "I think," he said, "that somebody is playing eavesdropper. I have heard that same noise several times this evening."

The sound of footsteps, as of some one stealing through the hall on tiptoe, was plainly distinguished, and as I was near the entrance, I threw open the door, just in time to see a black face and woolly head disappear down the stairway.

"It was one of the servants," I remarked. I could not see very distinctly, for the hall was dimly lighted, but I was certain that the head belonged to Ku Klux Jack.

The story to which I had listened made a deep impression upon me, and whenever I thought of the assassin, the stolid features of Ku Klux Jack arose before me. I did not sleep for hours. When I closed my eyes, the horrible tragedy, so vividly described by Sinclair, would be enacted before them in all its sickening details. And the assassin was constantly Ku Klux Jack. Was it possible that "Abram"—for so was the murderer named—and Jack were identical? No, the words of Sinclair settled the question.

"Abram was born in Virginia, and there pur-

chased by Major Downs a year or two before the war began."

No, it could not be. I fell asleep, at last, to dream of the murder, over and over again, and every time it was committed by Ku Klux Jack.

I was aroused in the morning, at an early hour, by a commotion in the house. I heard hurrying footsteps and exclamations of horror. Hurriedly completing my toilet, I descended to the first floor. A throng of people were assembled around the door of the reading-room, and on going further, I saw that the apartment itself was filled, while the outside of the house was thronged with people. Some impulse urged me forward, and passing into the room, I saw a sight that will haunt me until my dying day. Stretched upon a table, his ghastly face upturned, and wearing an expression of agony, was the lifeless form of my new-made friend from whom I had parted a few hours before, leaving him buoyant with health and life—young Sinclair. As I started back, my face as pallid as that of the poor fellow who lay before me, I met the sad gaze of one of the young Southerners who had been with us the last evening. He answered the unasked question.

"Murdered last night! No one can guess by whom. God in heaven grant that he may be found! Why, poor Sinclair never had an enemy in his life."

I learned all that any one could tell of the affair. After leaving my room the party of Southerners had sallied out, and visited two or three places of amusement. Returning to the hotel, they all retired, with the exception of Sinclair, who was smoking a cigar, and who remarked that he would finish it before he followed them. He conversed a while with the landlord, and then went out, but whether to his room or into the street was unknown. Nothing more was seen of him until he was found behind an outbuilding, dead.

There was no more amusement—no more assembling in the guests' rooms, to spend social evenings. I was seized with an almost irresistible impulse to visit the North. But I had business yet incomplete, that required my attention, and I remained, day after day, the only one left of the social throng who gathered in my room the night of the murder. The young Southerners had taken charge of the victim's body, and sent it to his friends in New Orleans, and then had sadly departed from a place so fraught with horror to them. Others had come in their place, and the house was as full of life as before.

Ku Klux Jack was about as of yore—more constant in his hotel duties, for there was a lull in the prosecutions, and the soldiers did not require his services as much as formerly.

No one could have shown more consideration, or behaved better, than did Jack at the time of the murder. 'Twas Jack who first discovered the corpse, and gave the alarm. 'Twas Jack that found the empty pocket-book, where 'twas cast by the assassin, after rifling its contents. 'Twas Jack that bore the mangled corpse to the hotel, and laid it tenderly out upon the table—and who, after all was done, assisted in placing the coffin in the rough outside box, and delivered it aboard the cars, taking all the care off from the mourning friends. A truly Christian spirit was that displayed by Jack. As he said to me: "I didn't like de young man, cos he war a rebel an' stuck up Ku Kluxer. But, ef I'd a seed the chap as stab him—" Then he would pause, knit his brows into a frown, and make an ambiguous motion with his fist, at an imaginary object.

It was getting so late in the season that fires were beginning to be an adjunct to evening comfort. My letters from the North told of an early winter, deep snows, and intense cold. I was pleasantly situated; the horror of feeling that had followed the murder was wearing off, and I began to question if it would not be more sensible to remain in that mild climate, where the wood fire upon the hearth served but to make the evening brighter, than to go where heated furnaces, and red hot coal cylinders were necessary to prevent the blood's congelation.

I was debating the question one morning, as I sat in the reading-room, my feet upon a box, with Ku Klux Jack laboring to give my boots a shine. He was on his knees, working with such vigor, that his shirt-bosom became unbuttoned, displaying the black and brawny chest of a giant. Happening to glance towards him, I could scarce suppress the exclamation that arose to my lips. Extending from the right shoulder blade to his side, beneath the left arm, was a broad red scar, that looked as if made by the swoop of a powerful arm and keen knife. At that instant our eyes met, and I cannot describe the expression of the negro's face as he hurriedly replaced the buttons, and arose to his feet. His work was completed, and walking to the window, he stood a moment, looking out upon the street. Then turning to me, he said, his eye never quailing:

"Dar ain't no more Ku Klux to be ketch'd—dar all ob dem nabbed mos'ly. Yo' see how dey hab to walk! 'Dar's no use ob talkin', sar, but de man dat do a ting 'gin de bracks now, hab to suffer, shure. Ef de brack man dat am hurt can't do it, he shure to hab frien's dat fix 'em."

Can any one interpret the fellow's speech? I did, whether right or wrong. I never would own to being a coward, but I feared Ku Klux Jack. My longings for Northern scenes returned with double force. What was my duty? I did not know. I had terrible suspicions. But what proof had I. Jack could prove an alibi by a "crowd of witnesses," or could prove me guilty of any crime he chose. And his evidence would be received. These were after-meditations; for I did not pause to meditate then.

I do not often act upon impulse, but I did then. I received a letter from the North that very day (at least I told the landlord so), and must return home at once. In three hours thereafter I was rattling over the rails, my face turned towards the home of Aurora Borealis.

During the heat of the past Presidential campaign, I chanced to pick up an Administration journal and read the following:

"ANOTHER KU KLUX OUTRAGE.—An inoffensive negro, known sometimes by the sobriquet, 'Ku Klux Jack,' was found dead in the streets of S—N. C., last Sunday morning. The poor fellow was terribly mutilated, having been stabbed in no less than five different places. It was doubtless the work of the Ku Klux. He was formerly employed by the Provost Marshal to do light chores about the office, and his slight connection with this office, which has brought so many Ku Klux criminals to grief, was probably the reason of his assassination. And still the supporters of Horace Greeley would clasp hands across the 'bloody chasm.'"

FAILURE OF DUNCAN, SHERMAN & CO.

THE community were startled on Tuesday, July 27th, by the announcement that the banking-house of Duncan, Sherman & Co. had closed their doors and suspended payment. A card from the firm was made public early in the day, stating that through losses and misfortunes their available assets were so reduced that they were compelled to go into liquidation, and that for the protection of their

creditors they had made an assignment to Hon. Wm. D. Shipman.

This announcement caused great excitement in the Stock Exchange, Gold Exchange and Cotton Exchange, and all the commercial centres down-town. Large crowds collected around the bankers' closed doors at Nassau and Pine Streets, and eagerly discussed the probable effects of the failure on the business world. The credit of the firm stood so high, even up to the time of closing their doors, that the unexpected news caused widespread alarm and apprehension that we were on the brink of another crisis that would involve hundreds of other firms. The house was founded in 1850 by Alexander Duncan, Watts Sherman and W. Butler Duncan, the latter the head of the present house. The present firm has been in operation about ten years. It consists of William B. Duncan, William W. Sherman and F. H. Grain, and was formed on the death of Mr. Watts Sherman, and the retirement of Mr. Alexander Duncan.

The liabilities of the house are given at inside \$6,000,000, and it is admitted that their assets fall in value far below this amount. Losses which have weakened the house are not entirely of recent making, but cover several years, the heaviest, it is understood, having been in cotton, and the next in securities which now have doubtful values.

The principal correspondents of the firm in England were Messrs. Baring Bros. & Co. and the Union Bank of London. They also had numerous correspondents throughout the United States. Probably no house in this country transacted so large a business in the issuing of letters of credit for European travelers, and their failure will seriously inconvenience many of our citizens now abroad.

YACHTING IN CHICAGO.

IN the encouragement of yachting the people of Chicago have not heretofore displayed their characteristic energy. Possessing unusual facilities for indulging in the healthful and delightful sport of sailing, it has been a matter of surprise to visitors from less favored cities that the citizens of the Garden City had not many fast-sailing yachts afloat on the beautiful Lake Michigan. During the year, however, there has been considerable interest manifested in the various kinds of boating in Chicago, and the excitement of yachting races promises to frequently enliven the lake in the future.

On July 18th, Chicago had what could be called its first real yacht race. A dozen yachts entered, and though on account of the bad weather the race was not entirely successful, it showed that the city had good material for exciting contests, and that with its splendid water-course it was possible to make yachting there a very prominent amusement. The parties who then participated have since held several meetings, and they will likely form themselves into a yacht club, and engage in a series of contests which will doubtless bring contestants from other cities.

Owing to some dissatisfaction regarding the start on the first day, the judges decided to have a second race, which took place on Saturday, July 24th, and was all that could be desired. The course was from the breakwater off Twelfth Street to the stake-boat, the tug *Harrison*, which was stationed three miles out, about opposite Thirty-fifth Street; thence north to the crib, and home to the point of starting, making a trip of about twelve miles in extent.

Thirteen vessels took part in the race. The *Zoe* was the winner. The sailing time of each yacht was as follows:

	Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds.
<i>Zoe</i>	2	19	13½
<i>Lucy</i>	2	27	19½
<i>Carey</i>	2	30	35½
<i>Lulu</i>	2	25	11
<i>Drew</i>	2	35	12 1-6
<i>Fleetwing</i>	2	40	13¼
<i>Lincoln</i>	2	48	34
<i>Dawn</i>	3	15	10
<i>Minerva</i>	3	18	43½
<i>Lizzie</i>	2	51	23½
<i>Rover</i>	No time.		
<i>Boneta</i>	No time.		
<i>Naiad</i>	No time.		

The race was witnessed by a large number of people on the shore, and on tugs and steamers which followed the vessels from start to finish.

USEFULNESS OF INSECTS.

IF insects speak to us neither by the voice, nor by their physiognomy, by what do they appeal to us? By their energies; by the prodigious destruction which they effect in the over-productiveness of nature; by their colors, fires, and poisons, and by their arts. In all these manifestations, if properly understood, there is nothing but wisdom and beneficence. Even the persecution of domestic animals by flies constitutes their safety. Without the stimulus given by these tiny persecutors, cattle would remain at times stupidly resigned till, no longer capable of movement, they would perish on the spot. Flies drive them to running waters, or to more salubrious places.

In Central Africa, the man regulates the migration of whole herds. The *tsesé*, it is to be supposed, is sent by some such similar provisions of nature. Even the terrible ant, when it invades a house, and expels the inhabitants, does so for wise purposes. They destroy every living thing; mice, toads, snakes are all devoured; not an insect, not even an insect's egg, is left. The house is thoroughly cleansed, and then the visitors leave it to its master, going on to another. The spiders of the Antilles are such good servants, and so useful in the destruction of flies, that they are sold in the markets as birds are with us.

Among the other auxiliaries of man are the dragon-fly—that kills its thousands of insects in a day; the cicindecle, which, with its two sabres for jaws, is immensely destructive to insect life; the carabi, a tribe of warriors armed to the teeth, real *gardes champêtres*. It is cruel to destroy these useful little creatures; they should, on the contrary, be much respected.

Of auxiliaries of another description, we have worms, which digest, cleanse, and renew the soil. In a similar manner, the necrophori are ever busy in removing putridity. Gardeners are often exasperated at the presence of insects in tubercles, as of the dahlia, when they are really there only to remove the dead or diseased parts. Nothing would be more advantageous to all who are interested in gardens than to know how to distinguish useful from hurtful insects. People would not then be daily committing violence to the harmonies of nature.

Some insects are edible; a learned entomologist tells us that caterpillars have a taste of almonds, and spiders of nuts. The Roman ladies used to eat the cossi, as the Eastern ladies still do the blaps, and the Portuguese of Brazil, ant- "at the moment when their wings raise them in the air like an aspiration of love."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE FLOODS IN FRANCE.—The sketch of the "Train Stopped by the Water," was taken in the environs of Toulouse. Railway intercourse with that city has now been fully restored, but for some days Toulouse was almost entirely cut off from any speedy communication with the outer world. In this country, as well as in France and England, liberal contributions have been set on foot for the relief of the sufferers by the disastrous floods in France.

STORM AND FLOOD AT PESTH.—The capital of Hungary, sometimes called Buda-Pesth, consists of two cities—namely, Pesth and Buda, or Ofen, on the opposite banks of the Danube. Ofen, or Buda, is surrounded in a semi-circle by hills from 700 to 1,000 feet high. Through the ravine between these hills passes the mountain-torrent called "Teufel's-Graben" (The Devil's Ditch), which, running parallel with the Danube, ultimately falls into it. A tremendous storm broke over this place on Saturday evening, June 26th. It became a hurricane, which raged till midnight; the rain fell in such streams that it carried away entire houses into the Danube. Ofen suffered most from this visitation. The stream of the Teufel's-Graben was swollen by the tempest into a mighty river, which dragged with it, from the Ofen vineyards, masses of clay and stone weighing 30 cwt. The rapidly advancing floods, which came from the height of 1,000 feet, made a way for itself into the valley in every direction. It rushed down with such force that it flung to the ground the houses which were situated in the Ofen Donauzeile—a street at the mouth of the Teufel's-Graben. Happily, the occupants of those buildings had already vacated their dwellings, as a part of the ditch, which was walled up at that spot, had fallen in. The people took refuge in the upper floors of the front block, which happily remained uninjured; but, for the moment, they had no way of escape. The firemen were, therefore, obliged to carry them down singly on the ladders which they hastily procured. It was still worse with the occupants of other houses; they were crushed by the falling walls, or carried away into the Danube by the torrents. The scene was horrible; young girls clinging convulsively to each other in death; mothers, with children at their breast, borne down the rapid current. Many houses in the Raitzen (Servian) town, which stood on the declivity of Blocksberg, were flung into the valleys. A large brick kiln, which the lightning struck, was burned to the ground. The Southern Railway, the railway on the Schwabenberg, and the tramway, were much damaged; many carriages were dashed from the summit of the Schwabenberg into the Danube. The hospital of the Pesth garrison fell in; all the cellars were filled with water, and many streets were covered with uprooted trees, stones, wagons, and drowned cattle. The vineyards which surround Ofen are totally destroyed. We are informed that 500 persons are missing, and the loss of at least 120 lives has been ascertained.

MASQUERADE FESTIVAL OF BERLIN ARTISTS.—SHAM PRATES.—The river which flows through Berlin is called the Spree; and it was a happy thought of the Berlin "Künstler-Verein," at the yearly midsummer festival of that society, to take their day's amusement "on the Spree." Instead of the usual picnic party on the heath at Schulzendorf, they embarked on the river, in extraordinary masquerade guise, for a voyage up-stream to the pretty hamlet of Grünau, which is just beyond Köpenick. One of the small river steamboats was hired for this occasion, and was equipped with a fantastic show of warlike armament, carrying guns of formidable calibre, and decorated with the flags of all nations along her gunwale. She bore for the nonce, instead of her usual name, that of "H. M. S. Nine-Eyes," which we are quite unable to explain. The crew, mustering above one hundred jolly fellows, were dressed in white-and-blue shirts and linen trousers, and were armed with theatrical cutlasses, old horse-pistols, and flint lock muskets or blunderbusses, of the oddest and most various patterns. The commanding officer, with no less rank than that of admiral, made an imposing figure in the uniform of a dragon, with jack-boots and spurs, with a huge military sabre at his belt, an immense pair of epaulets, a cocked hat, and the order of the sardine-cane hung upon his manly breast. Drummers and fifers were on board to keep up a merry noise during the voyage, which promised at first to be a mere peaceful pleasure-trip from the Jannowitz Bridge, two miles up the river to Grünau. But when the *Nine-Eyes* had got past the village of Köpenick she was unexpectedly approached by a small steam-launch from under the shore, darting forth and crossing the river with hostile intent, presently hoisting a black flag emblazoned with crossbones, and showing a party of fierce desperadoes, half-naked or clad in the ragged or parti-colored garb of Oriental vagabonds, who seemed bent on deeds of plunder and massacre. These were the Riff pirates of the Morocco coast, with whom Prince Adalbert of Prussia had a memorable naval encounter some years ago, not yet forgotten by the Berlin popular mind. A volley of musketry from the piratical craft was promptly answered by the guns of the royal ship, and the conflict was soon engaged in with equal determination on both sides to conquer or die. The pirates endeavored to board the larger vessel, swarming up her tall sides with their drawn cutlasses and pistols, and with dirks stuck between their teeth. Notwithstanding all their bravery, in the long run naval discipline and a superior armament with very superior numbers, prevailed over the small band of Riff pirates, and they were taken prisoners of war. Landing at Grünau, terms of peace were concluded and ratified over a social feast provided in the garden attached to the riverside tavern, where they were joined by many friends and visitors coming from town in different ways. It was a pleasant holiday for the artists of Berlin.

A MINISTERIAL DINNER, with its *ménù* of toasts equally formidable with its *ménù* of dishes, must be relieved of much of the monotonousness of an English official banquet by the tact as well as eloquence with which Mr. Disraeli is acknowledged by all parties to reign supreme over a dinner-table. In our engraving, from a sketch of one of these gatherings in Downing Street, the reader will readily recognize the well-known features of some of the guests. Mr. Disraeli, of course, sits at the head of the table, and Lord Salisbury may be found on his right, while Mr. Cross sits on his left. The Duke of Buckingham and Count Beust are at the other end of the table, while Mr. Ward Hunt is placed half way between these two extremes. To complete the picture, there is a bevy of waiters, who look far more solemn than the guests, and are probably far more impressed with an unlimited sense of their own importance and responsibility than the Ministers themselves.

SAVING LIFE AT SEA.—Twenty-four years ago Mr. George Frederick Parratt was present during a collision between two steamers in the Mediterranean, when, owing to the fact that all the boats were capsized or swamped, upwards of a hundred persons perished. The dreadful scene and his own providential escape made such an impression upon him, that from that time forward he has devoted his thoughts to devising some plan which should really be available for saving life at sea. Mr. Parratt recently exhibited his new patent Deck seat Life-raft for this purpose. The apparatus consists of a long metal cylinder with two stretchers, and an oval air-tube. Attached to the tube are cork and india-rubber floats. Should an accident occur at sea, the cylinders and stretchers can be fixed in two minutes and a half, and the apparatus, being thrown into the water, is then ready for instant use. When the crew of the raft are in her,

they increase the buoyancy by inflating the tube by means of eight or ten air-valves, which are worked by hand, the full inflation occupying a quarter of an hour. The buoyancy of the raft was satisfactorily shown, for thirty-five men were upon it as it floated down the river from Lambeth to the Temple Pier, casting anchor off the Houses of Parliament for the purpose of showing the handiness of the craft to a number of honorable members assembled on the Terrace. As a test of buoyancy, the whole of the "crew" and passengers stood at one side of the craft, yet it remained as trim and even upon the water as if no person were in it. The raft, which will cost £100, and is capable of holding 100 persons, can be easily made up into a deck-seat, so that very little can be said against it on the score of clumsiness, and the weight being only 400 pounds, the launching would be easy; while, the sides being constructed of india-rubber, a heavy sea would not crack it to splinters against the ship's side, as in the case of an ordinary ship's boat. The main cylinder is hollow, for the purpose of holding oars, sails and provisions, and the bulwarks are of netting and canvas fixed to iron stanchions.

WHEN THE NEWS OF THE CRUISE OF THE FIJI ISLANDS TO THE BRITISH CROWN reached the savage mountaineers of the interior, several tribes which have hitherto retained their warlike habits and their pagan practices, including cannibalism, volunteered their allegiance to Queen Victoria, and their willingness to submit to at least partial civilization. Murder, cannibalism, strangling widows, and such like, they were told by Administrator Layard, at an interview to which he was invited by about 600 of the principal men among the mountaineers, must be abandoned, while polygamy will be tolerated—although Mr. Layard expressed the hope that they would soon learn that one wife is enough for one man. After the memorable meeting in the mountains, ten of the chiefs were invited to visit Leruka, where they went on board H. M. S. *Dido*, saw some splendid shot and shell practice, and the withering fire of two hundred breech-loading rifles, and were delighted with the *Dido's* string band and the more potent strains of drums and fife. Since this meeting, the measles, destroying 20,000 out of a population of 90,000, and hurricanes of unthought severity, have almost frightened the Fijians into repenting of the welcome extended by them to the civilized white man from the British Isles.

AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

COPPER ore has been discovered in Oregon.

THERE will be a fair average of wheat in Russia.

HAY is selling for \$60 per ton in Silver City, Idaho.

ALL the Connecticut clock factories will be closed during August.

THE Sharp Rifle Company will remove from Hartford to Bridgeport, Conn.

TWO IMMENSE tanneries are being erected at Houston and New Limerick, Mo.

CORN and cotton promise better crops in Alabama than at any time since 1860.

RAISIN-GROWING in California, a new enterprise, will yield \$50,000 this year.

FLORIDA has had an unusually large yield of cotton, corn, pease and potatoes.

THEY are digging for gold near Blandford, Mass., with the most approved apparatus.

AT Nashua, N. H., the manufacturers are running on full time, with a good demand.

THE first bale of new Texas cotton was shipped from Cuero, on the 14th ult., for Galveston.

ONLY six out of one hundred and sixty two cotton-mills at Oldham, England, are running.

ARKANSAS has been visited by bountiful rains, and the prospect of heavy crops is excellent.

THE hop crop of Mendocino County, Cal., is more than double any former crop in that section.

IN Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Iowa the grain crop will be largely in excess of that of last year.

MISSOURI will begin shipping her flax-crop about the 15th. It has not been attacked by grasshoppers.

THIRTY-ONE cotton-mills at Dundee, England, were closed, and 12,000 operatives thrown out of work.

THE proprietors of the supposed coal region in Carroll County, N. H., are blasting, with encouraging prospects.

RECENT prolonged and heavy rains in East Tennessee have very seriously injured corn, wheat, blackberries and hay.

AFFAIRS are brightening at the Lowell (Mass.) mills. Five factories are now running full time, and there is a cheering demand for goods.

A VALUABLE vein of petroleum was recently struck by the workmen of the San Fernando Tunnel, on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

A MINE of antimony in the San Emidio Mountains has just been located, and the patentees claim the vein to be one of the finest in the world.

THE papers of Virginia, Nev., beg miners to stay away, as superintendents are sorely tried by the immense number of applicants for work.

CONFIRMATORY reports have been received about the discovery of valuable silver mines on the Iron River, near the southern shore of Lake Superior.

A MOUNTAIN of iron has been discovered near Theophile's ranch, about twelve miles from Hollister, Cal., and samples of the ore have yielded 85 per cent. of pure metal.

CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS has secured all the money he wishes for his work on the Mississippi jetties, and over 8,000 feet of the provisional staking have been completed.

THE Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company will put upon the road their fast fruit-trains about the 15th, to carry Westward the superabundant peach-crop of Delaware and New Jersey.

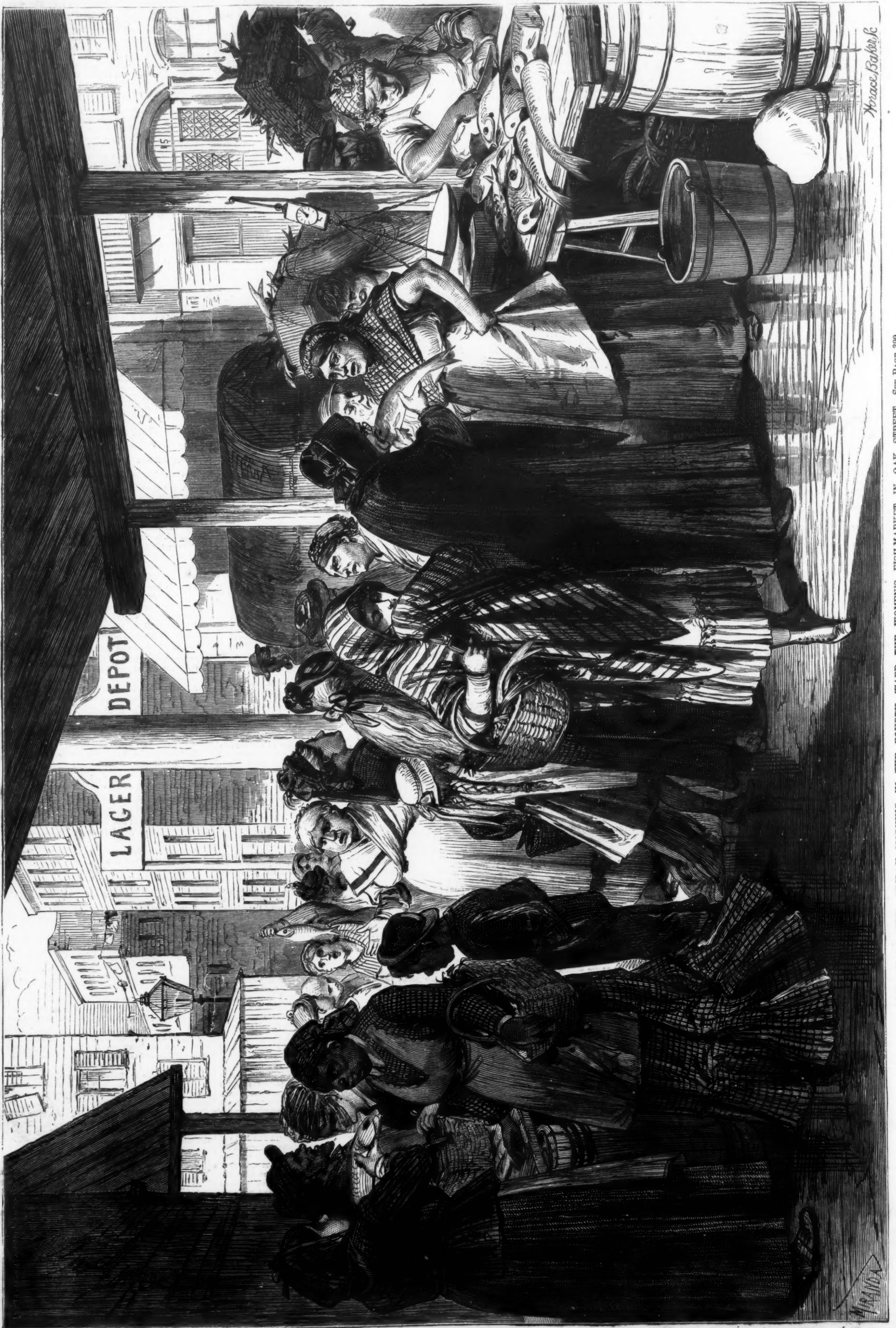
A NEW enemy to the cotton-plant has been detected. It is known that the caterpillar eats only the foliage; but the new pest attacks the stalks, hacking them after the fashion of squirrels.

PROFESSOR JANSEY is responsible for the assertions that gold in paying quantities exists in the Black Hills, and that the great future wealth of the reservation will be derived from its grass-lands, farms and timber.

GREAT destitution is reported from Jackson, Cass and Johnson Counties, Mo., on account of the failure of crops for the past two years and the recent ravages of the grasshoppers. Many families are absolutely in a starving condition.

DURING eleven months of 1874-75 there were exported from the United States 21,500,000 pounds of leather, valued at \$5,678,471—England and Germany taking about three-fourths of the entire amount. In 1873-74 the total value of these exports was \$3,940,426.

THE States of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, have greatly increased their tobacco acreage this year. Kentucky alone being thirty-four per cent. richer than last year. New York, Pennsylvania and Texas remain about the same; while New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Wisconsin and Kansas have considerably decreased.



NEW YORK CITY.—FRIDAY MORNING IN THE FOURTH WARD—THE WOMEN'S FISH-MARKET IN OAK STREET.—SEE PAGE 392.



SARATOGA RACE-COURSE.—THE SUMMER SEASON.—PARTAGNAN WINNING THE MILE-AND-THREE-QUARTER DASH, SATURDAY, JULY 24TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BENGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 401.

ONLY.

ONLY, a violet, faded and old;
But sweet memories round it fold,
As its own fragrance in the spring-tide,
And render it dearer than all beside.

Only a book; but 'twas given by one
Who until his life's sad course was run
Amid all its trials was true to me,
Tho' far, far away across the sea.

Only a letter, tattered and torn,
Words of love now indistinct and worn,
But 'twas traced by that dear hand,
When miles away in a foreign land.

Only a lock of hair; faded now,
But once it waved o'er his fair brow;
And to me it is still as bright
As when gleaming in the sunlight.

Redeemed by Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLLY TREE," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

SIX months had passed since Sir Oswald's death, and his widow had already put away her cap and heavy weeds. Six months of retirement, she considered, were a very handsome acknowledgment of all her husband's love and kindness. She was in a state of serene and perfect self-content—everything had gone well with her. People had expressed their admiration of her devotion to his memory. She knew that in the eyes of the world she was esteemed faultless. And now it seemed to Lady Darrell that the time was come in which she really might enjoy herself, and reap the reward of her sacrifice.

The "armed neutrality" between Pauline and herself still continued. Each went her own way—their interests never clashed. Lady Darrell rather preferred that Pauline should remain at the Court. She had a vague kind of fear of her, a vague dread that made her feel safer where Pauline was, and where she could know something of her. Whole days would pass without their meeting; but, now that there was to be a little more gaiety at Darrell Court, the two must expect to be brought into daily communication.

Lady Darrell was an amiable woman. It was true she had a small soul, capable of entertaining small ideas only. She would have liked to be what she called "comfortable" with Pauline—to live on sisterly terms with her—to spend long hours in discussing dress, ornaments, fashionable gossip—to feel that there was always some one at hand to listen to her and to amuse her. She, in her turn, would have been most generous. She would have made ample presents of dresses and jewels to such a friend; she would have studied her comforts and interests. But to expect or hope for a companion of that kind in Pauline was as though some humble little wood-blossom could hope to train itself round a grand, stately, and passion-flower.

Lady Darrell's worldly knowledge and tact was almost perfect; yet they could never reveal to her the depths of a noble nature like Pauline's. She could sooner have sounded the depths of the Atlantic than the grand deep of that young girl's heart and soul; they would always be dead letters to her—mysteries she could not solve. One morning the impulse was strong upon her to seek Pauline, to hold a friendly conversation with her as to half-mourning; but, when she reached the door of the study, her courage gave way, and she turned abruptly, feeling rather than knowing why the discussion of dress and mere personal appearance must prove distasteful to Miss Darrell.

Little by little Lady Darrell began to take her place in the grand world; she was too wise and wary to do it all at once. The degrees were almost imperceptible; even Lady Hampton, one of the most fastidious of critics, was obliged to own to herself that her niece's conduct was highly creditable. The gradations in Lady Darrell's spirits were as carefully regulated as the gradations of color in her dress; with deep lavender and black ribbons she was mildly sorrowful—the lighter grew the lavender the lighter grew her heart. On the first day she wore a silver gray brocade she laughed outright, and the sound of that laugh was the knell of all mourning.

Visitors began to arrive once more at Darrell Court, but Lady Darrell still exercised great restraint over herself. Her invitations were at first confined to matrons of mature age. "She did not feel equal to the society of gentlemen yet."

There was a grand chorus of admiration for the nice feeling Lady Darrell displayed. Then elderly gentlemen—husbands of the matrons—were admitted; and, after a time, "braw woosers" began to appear at the hall, and then Lady Darrell's reign began in real earnest.

From these admiring matrons, enthusiastic gentlemen, ardent lovers, and flattering friends Pauline stood aloof. How she despised the whole of them was to be gathered only from her face; she never expressed it in words. She did not associate with them, and they repaid her behavior by the most hearty dislike.

It was another proof of "dear Lady Darrell's sweet temper" that she could live in peace with this haughty, abrupt, willful girl. No one guessed that the bland, amiable, suave, graceful mistress of Darrell Court stood in awe of the girl who had been disinherited to make way for her.

"Pauline," said Miss Hastings, one day, "I want you to accustom yourself to the idea of leaving Darrell Court, for I do not think there is any doubt but that sooner or later Lady Darrell will marry again."

"I expect it," she returned. "Poor Sir Oswald! His home will go to strangers, his name be extinct. How little he foresaw this when he married!"

"Let it take place when it may, the Court can be no home for you then," continued Miss Hastings.

Pauline raised her hand with a warning gesture. "Do not say another word, Miss Hastings; I cannot listen. Just as criminals were fastened to the rack, bound to the wheel, tied to the stake, I am bound here—awaiting my revenge."

"Oh, Pauline, if you would but forego such strange speech! This longing for vengeance is in your heart like a deadly canker in a fair flower. It will end badly."

The beautiful face with its defiant light was turned towards her.

"Do not attempt to dissuade me," she said. "Your warning is useless, and I do not like to grieve you. I acquainted Lady Darrell with my determination before she married my uncle for his money. She persisted in doing it. Let her take the consequences—bear the penalty. If she had acted a true womanly part—if she had refused him, as she ought to have done—he would have had time for reflection, he would not have disinherited

me in his anger, and Darrell Court would have descended to a Darrell, as it ought to have done."

"If you could but forget the past, Pauline!" "I cannot—it is part of my life now. I saw two lives before me once—the one made noble, grand, and gracious by this inheritance, which I should have known so well how to hold; the other darkened by disappointment and shadowed by revenge. You know some men wait for the fair fruition of a fair hope—for the dawn of success—for the sunshine of perfect prosperity; so do I wait for my revenge. We Darrells never do things by halves; we are not even moderate. My heart, my soul, my life—which might have been, I grant, filled with higher impulses—are concentrated on revenge."

Though the words she spoke were so terrible, so bitter, there was no mean, vindictive, or malignant expression on that beautiful face; rather was it bright with a strange light. Mistaken though the idea might be, Pauline evidently deemed herself one chosen to administer justice.

Miss Hastings looked at her. "But, Pauline," she said, gravely, "who made you Lady Darrell's judge?" "Myself," she replied. "Miss Hastings, you often speak of justice; let me ask, was this matter fair? My uncle was irritated against me because I would not marry a man I detested and loathed; in his anger he formed the project of marriage, to punish me. He proposed to Elinor Rocheford, and, without any love for him, she agreed to marry him. I went to her, and warned her not to come between me and my rightful inheritance. I told her that if she did I would be revenged. She laughed at my threat, married my uncle, and so disinherited me. Now was it fair that I should have nothing, she all—that I, a Darrell, should see the home of my race go to strangers? It is not just, and I mean to take justice into my hands."

"But, Pauline," opposed Miss Hastings, "if Lady Darrell had not accepted Sir Oswald, some one else would."

"Are such women common, then?" she demanded, passionately. "I know evil enough of your world, but I did not know this. This woman is sweet-voiced, her face is fair, her hair is golden, her hands are white and soft, her manners caressing and gentle; but you see her soul is sordid—it was not large enough to prevent her marrying an old man for his money. Something tells me that the vengeance I have promised myself is not far off."

Miss Hastings wrung her hands in silent dismay. "Oh, for something to redeem you, Pauline—something to soften your heart, which is hardening into sin!"

"I do not know of any earthly influence that could, as you say, redeem me. I know that I am doing wrong. Do not think that I have transformed vice into virtue and have blinded myself. I know that some people can rise to a far grander height; they would, instead of seeking vengeance, pardon injuries. I cannot—I never will. There is no earthly influence that can redeem me," because there is none stronger than my own will."

The elder lady looked almost hopelessly at the younger one. How was she to cope with the strong nature—a nature that could own a fault, yet by strength of will persevere in it? She felt that she might as well try to check the angry waves of the rising tide as try to control this willful, undisciplined disposition.

How often in after years these words returned to her mind, "I know of no earthly influence stronger than my own will!"

Miss Hastings sat in silence for some minutes, and then she looked at the young girl.

"What shape will your vengeance take, Pauline?" she asked, calmly.

"I do not know. Fate will shape it for me; my opportunity will come in time."

"Vengeance is a very high-sounding word," observed Miss Hastings, "but the thing itself generally assumes very prosaic forms. You would not descend to such a vulgar deed as murder, for instance; nor would you avail yourself of anything so commonplace as poison."

"No," replied Pauline, with contempt; "those are mean revenges. I will hurt her where she has hurt me—where all the love of her heart is garnered; there will I wound her as she has wounded me. Where she can feel most, there I mean to strike, and strike home."

"Then you have no definite plan arranged?" questioned Miss Hastings.

"Fate will play into my hands when the time comes," replied Pauline. Nor could the governess extract aught further from her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AUTUMN, with its golden grain, its rich fruits, and its luxuriant foliage, had come and gone; then Christmas snow lay soft and white on the ground; and still Captain Langton had not paid his promised visit to Darrell Court. He sent numerous cards, letters, books, and music, but he did not appear himself. Once more the Spring flowers bloomed; Sir Oswald had been lying for twelve months in the cold, silent family vault. With the year of mourning the last of Lady Darrell's gracefully expressed sorrow vanished—the last vestige of gray and lavender, of jet beads and black trimmings, disappeared from her dresses; and then she shone forth upon the world in all the grace and delicate loveliness of her fair young beauty.

Who could number her lovers or count her admirers? Old and young, peer and commoner, there was not one who would not have given anything he had on earth to win the hand of the beautiful and wealthy young widow. Lady Hampton favored the suit of Lord Aynsley, one of the wealthiest peers in England. He had met Lady Darrell while on a visit at the Elms, and was charmed with her. So young, fair, gifted, accomplished, so perfect a mistress of every art and grace, yet so good and amiable—Lord Aynsley thought that he had never met with so perfect a woman before. Lady Hampton was delighted.

"I think, Elinor," she said, "that you are one of the most fortunate of women. You have a chance now of making a second and most brilliant marriage. I think you must have been born under a lucky star."

Lady Darrell laughed her soft, graceful little laugh.

"I think, auntie," she returned, "that, as I married the first time to please you, I may marry now to please myself and my own heart."

"Certainly," said her ladyship, dubiously; "but remember what I have always told you—sentiment is the ruin of everything."

And, as Lady Hampton spoke, there came before her the handsome face of Aubrey Langton. She prayed mentally that he might not appear again at Darrell Court until Lord Aynsley had proposed and had been accepted.

But fate was not kind to her. The next morning Lady Darrell received a letter from the captain, saying that, as the Summer was drawing near, he should be very glad to pay his long-promised visit to Darrell Court. He hoped to be with them on Thursday evening.

Lady Darrell's fair face flushed as she read. He

was coming, then, this man who above all others had taken her fancy captive—this man whom, with all her worldly scheming, she would have married without money, if he had but asked her. He was coming, and he would see her in all the glory of her prosperity. He would be almost sure to fall in love with her; and she—well, it was not the first time that she whispered to her own heart how gladly she would love him. She was too excited by her pleasant news to be quite prudent. She must have a confidant—she must tell some one that she was coming.

She went to the study, where Miss Hastings and Pauline were busily engaged with some water-colors. She held the open letter in her hand.

"Miss Hastings, I have news for you," she said. "I know that all that interested Sir Oswald is full of interest for you. Pauline, you too will be pleased to hear that Captain Langton is coming. Sir Oswald loved him very much."

Pauline knew that, and had cause to regret it. "I should be very pleased," continued Lady Darrell, "if, without interfering with your arrangements, you could help me to entertain him."

Miss Hastings looked up with a smile of assent. "Anything that lies in my power," she said, "I shall be only too happy to do; but I fear I shall be rather at a loss how to amuse a handsome young officer like Captain Langton."

Lady Darrell laughed, but looked very pleased. "You are right," she said; "he is handsome. I do not know that I have ever seen one more handsome." Then she stopped abruptly, for she caught the gleam of Pauline's scornful smile—the dark eyes were looking straight at her. Lady Darrell blushed crimson, and the smile on Pauline's lips deepened.

"I see my way, now," she said to herself. "Time, fate and opportunity will combine at last."

"And you, Pauline," inquired Lady Darrell, in her most caressing manner, "you will help me with my visitor—will you not?"

"Pardon me, I must decline," answered Miss Darrell.

"Why, I thought Captain Langton and yourself were great friends!" cried Lady Darrell.

"I am not answerable for your thoughts, Lady Darrell," said Pauline.

"But you—you sing so beautifully! Oh, Pauline, you really must help me!" persisted Lady Darrell.

She drew nearer to the girl, and was about to lay one white jeweled hand on her arm, but Pauline drew back with a haughty gesture there was no mistaking.

"Pray understand me, Lady Darrell," she said; "all arts and persuasions are, as you know, lost on me. I decline to do anything towards entertaining your visitor, and shall avoid him as much as possible."

Lady Darrell looked up, her face pale, and with a frightened look upon it.

"Why do you speak so, Pauline? You must have some reason for it. Tell me what it is."

No one had ever heard Lady Darrell speak so earnestly before.

"Tell me!" she repeated, and her very heart was in the words.

"Pardon me if I keep my own counsel," said Pauline. "There is wisdom in few words."

Then Miss Hastings, always anxious to make peace, said:

"Do not be anxious, Lady Darrell; Pauline knows that some of the unpleasantness she had with Sir Oswald was owing to Captain Langton. Perhaps the fact may affect her view of his character."

Lady Darrell discreetly retired from the contest.

"I am sure you will both do all you can," she said, in her most lively manner. "We must have some charades, and a ball; we shall have plenty of time to talk this over when our guests arrive." And, anxious to go before Pauline said anything more, Lady Darrell quitted the room.

"My dear Pauline," said Miss Hastings, "if you would—" But she paused suddenly, for Pauline was sitting with a rapt expression on her face, deaf to every word.

Such a light was in those dark eyes, proud, triumphant and clear—such a smile on those curved lips; Pauline looked as though she could see into futurity, and as though, while the view half-frightened, it pleased her.

Suddenly she rose from her seat, with her hands clasped, evidently forgetting that she was not alone. "Nothing could be better," she said. "I could not have asked of fate or fortune anything better than this."

When Miss Hastings, wondering at her strange, excited manner, asked her a question, she looked up with the vague manner of one just aroused from a deep sleep.

"What are you thinking of, Pauline?" asked Miss Hastings.

"I am thinking," she replied, with a dreamy smile, "what good fortune always attends those who know how to wait. I have waited, and what I desired is come."

Thursday came at last. Certainly Lady Darrell had spared neither time nor expense in preparing for her visitor; it was something like a warrior's home-coming—the rarest of wines, the fairest of flowers, the sweetest of smiles awaiting him. Lady Darrell's dress was the perfection of good taste—plain white silk trimmed with black lace, with a few flowers in her golden hair. She knew that she was looking her best; it was the first time the captain had seen her as *châtelaine*, so she was anxious to make the most favorable impression on him.

"Welcome once more to Darrell Court!" she said, holding out one white hand in greeting.

"It seems like a welcome to Paradise," said the captain, profanely; and then he bowed with all the gallantry of a *beau sabreur* over the little hand that he still held clasped in his own.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LADY DARRELL was obliged to own herself completely puzzled. All the girls she had ever known had not only liked admiration, but had even sought it; she could not understand why Pauline showed such decided aversion to Captain Langton. He was undeniably handsome, graceful and polished in manner; Lady Darrell could imagine no one more pleasant or entertaining. Why should Pauline show such great distaste for his society, and such avoidance of him?

There were times, too, when she could not quite understand Aubrey Langton. She had seen him look at Pauline with an expression not merely of love, but with something of adoration in his eyes; and then again she would be startled by a look of something more fierce and more violent even than hate. She herself was in love with him; nor was she ashamed to own the fact even to herself. She could let her heart speak now—its voice had been stifled long enough; still she would have liked to know the cause of Pauline's avoidance of him.

On the second day of his visit Lady Darrell gave a grand dinner-party. Lady Hampton, who viewed the captain's arrival with great disfavor, was, as a

matter of course, to be present. All the neighbors near were invited, and Pauline, despite her dislike, saw that she must be present. Lady Darrell took this opportunity of appearing, for the first time since Sir Oswald's death, *en grande toilette*. She wore a dress of blue brocade, a marvel of color and weaving, embroidered with flowers, the very delicacy of which seemed to attract notice. She wore the Darrell diamonds, her golden hair being wreathed with a tiara of precious stones. She looked marvelously bright and radiant; her face was flushed with the most delicate bloom, her eyes were bright with happiness. The guests remarked to each other how lovely their young hostess was.

But, when Pauline entered the room, Lady Darrell was eclipsed, even as the light of the stars is eclipsed by that of the sun. Pauline wore no jewels—the grand beauty of her face and figure required none. The exquisite head and graceful arched neck rose from the clouds of gray tulle like some superb flower from the shade of its leaves; her dress was low, showing the white neck and statuesque shoulders; the dark clustering hair was drawn back from the noble brow, a pomegranate-blossom glowing in the thick coils. Graceful and dignified she looked, without glitter of jewels or dress; simple, perfect in the grandeur of her own loveliness.

She was greatly admired; young men gazed at her from a distance with an expression almost of infatuation, while the ladies whispered about her; yet no one had the courage to pay her any great attention, from the simple fact that Lady Hampton had insinuated that the young widow did not care much about Miss Darrell. Some felt ill at ease in her presence; her proud dark eyes seemed to detect every little false grace and affectation—all paltry little insincerities seemed to be revealed to her.

Yet Pauline on this occasion did her best. Despite Sir Oswald's false judgment of her, there was an innate refinement about her, and it showed itself to-night. She talked principally to old Lady Percival, who had known her mother, and who professed and really felt the most profound liking and affection for Pauline; they talked during dinner and after dinner, and then, seeing that every one was engaged, and that no one was likely to miss her, Pauline slipped from the room and went out.

She gave a long sigh of relief as she stood under the broad, free sky; flowers and birds, sunshine and shade, the cool fragrant gloaming, were all so much more beautiful, so much more to her taste, than the warm, glittering rooms. In the woods a nightingale was singing. What music could be compared to this? The white almond-blossoms were falling as she went down to the lake-side, where her dreams were always fairest.

"I wonder," mused the girl, "why the world of nature is so fair, and the world of men and women so stupid and so inane."

"Pauline," said a voice near her, "I have followed you; I could not help doing so."

She turned hastily and saw Captain Langton, his face flushed, his eyes flaming with a light that was not pleasant to see.

"How have you dared to do so?" she demanded.

"I dare do anything," he replied, "for you madden me. Do you hear? You madden me!"

She paid no more heed to his words than she did to the humming of the insects in the grass.

"You shall hear me!" he cried. "You shall not turn away your haughty head! Look at me—listen to me, or I will—"

"Or you will murder me," she interrupted; "it will not be the first time you have used that threat. I shall neither look at you nor listen to you."

"Pauline, I swear that you are driving me mad. I love you so dearly that my life is a torment, a torture to me; yet I hate you so that I could almost trample your life out under my feet. Be merciful to me. I know that I may woo and win this glittering widow, I know that I may be master of Darrell Court—she has let me guess that much—but, Pauline, I would rather marry you and starve than have all the world for my own."

She turned to him, erect and haughty, her proud face flushing, her eyes so full of scorn that their light seemed to blind him.

"I did not think," she said, "that you would dare to address such words to me. If I had to choose this instant between death and marrying you, I would choose death. I know no words in which I can express my scorn, my contempt, my loathing for you. If you repeat this insult, it will be at your peril. Be warned."

"You are a beautiful fiend!" he hissed. "You shall suffer for your pride."

"Yes," she said, calmly, "go and marry Lady Darrell. I have vowed to be revenged upon her; sweeter vengeance I could not have than to stand by quietly while she marries you."

"You are a beautiful fiend!" he hissed again, his face white with rage, his lips dry and hot.

Pauline turned away, and he stood with deeply muttered imprecations on his lips.

"I love her and I hate her," he said; "I would take her in my arms and carry her away where no one in the world could see her beautiful face but myself. I could spend my whole life in worshipping her. Yet I hate her. She has ruined me—I could trample her life out. 'Go and marry Lady Darrell,' she said; I will obey her."

He returned to the house. No one noticed that his face was paler than usual, that his eyes were shadowed and strange; no one knew that his breath came in hot gasps, and that his heart beat with great irregular throbs.

"I will woo Lady Darrell, and win her," he said, "and then Pauline shall suffer."

What a contrast that graceful woman, with her fair face and caressing manner, presented to the girl he had just left, with her passionate beauty and passionate scorn! Lady Darrell looked up at him with eyes of sweetest welcome.

"You have been out in the grounds," she said, gently; "the evening is very pleasant."

"Did you miss me, Lady Darrell—Elinor?" he asked, leaning over her chair.

He saw a warm blush rising in her cheeks, and in his heart he felt some little contempt for the conquest so easily made.

"Did you miss me, Elinor?" he repeated. "You must let me call you Elinor—I think it is the sweetest name in all the world."

It was almost cruel to trifle with her, although she was conventional to the last degree, and had but little heart; still what heart she had was all his. It was so easy to deceive her, too; she was so ready to believe in him and love him that her misplaced affection was almost pitiable. She raised her blue eyes to his; there was no secret in them for him.

"I am very glad my name pleases you," she said; "I never cared much for it before."

"But you will like it now?" he asked; and then, bending over her chair, he whispered something that sent a warm rosy flush over her face and neck.

Every one noticed the attention he paid her; Lady Hampton saw it, and disliked him more than ever. Lord Aynsley saw it, and knew that all hope of winning the beautiful widow was over for him. People made their comments upon it, some saying

it would be an excellent match, for Sir Oswald had been much attached to Captain Langton; others thinking that Lady Darrell, with her fair face and her large fortune, might have done better. There was something, too, in the captain's manner which puzzled simple-hearted people—something of fierce energy, which all the softness of word and look could not hide.

"There is not much doubt of what will be the next news from Darrell Court," said one to another. No one blamed the young widow for marrying again, but there was a general expression of disappointment that she had not done better.

Those dwelling in the house foresaw what was about to take place. Aubrey Langton became the widow's shadow. Wherever she went he followed her; he made love to her with the most persevering assiduity, and it seemed to be with the energy of a man who had set himself a task and meant to go through with it.

He also assumed certain airs of mastership. He knew that he had to but speak the word, and Darrell Court would be his. He spoke in a tone of authority, and the servants had already begun to look upon him as their master.

Silent, haughty, and reserved, Pauline Darrell stood aside and watched—watched with a kind of silent triumph which filled Miss Hastings with wonder—watched, and spoke no word—allowed her contempt and dislike to be seen in every action, yet never uttered one word—watched like a beautiful, relentless spirit of fate.

Throughout the bright long Summer months Aubrey Langton staid on at Darrell Court, and at last he did what he intended to do—proposed to Lady Darrell. He was accepted. It was the end of July then, but, yielding to her regard for appearances, it was agreed that no further word should be said of marriage until the Spring of the following year.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO THE SPRINGS OF SARATOGA.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

(Concluded.)

A WALK of a few steps beyond the Hathorn Spring, and we come to the

CONGRESS SPRING.

This spring, situated at the southerly end of the main village street, was discovered in 1792, by a hunting party, whose attention was first attracted to it by the tracks of deer who frequented it so much for its salt as to wear paths to it from the neighboring forest. It was named in honor of John Taylor Gilman, one of the party, who was at the time a member of Congress. When first found it flowed from a rock near the margin of a small brook, with the waters of which it partly mingled. The spring, however, was soon rendered pure by turning aside the stream and tubing it from the rock whence it now issues. It is inclosed by an open colonnade, which in turn is surrounded by an esplanade paved with marble mosaic. The spring formerly laid in the northwesterly edge of a thick hemlock swamp, which of late years has been transformed into a magnificent park, filled with deer, rustic seats, statuary, and choice shrubs. Natural as well as artificial beauties have been laid under successful contribution to render the spot attractive; while, on the right of the spring, a tasty musicians' stand is placed from which pleasing strains are discoursed any morning during the time that the "pool is troubled." Encircling the entire grounds is a finely kept walk, which, meeting at intervals graveled paths that traverse the park in all directions, affords an American Corso for the crowds who, at an early hour in the morning, assemble to drink the water, and sharpen their appetites by an ante-prandial walk. Within the park, and a few steps southwest of the Congress, is the

COLUMBIAN SPRING.

opened in 1806 by Gideon Putnam—one of the pioneers of Saratoga—and surmounted by a pretty Grecian dome. The gas, issuing rapidly from the surface, gives it all the appearance of boiling water. Passing by the Crystal Spring on the right, we come to the

WASHINGTON SPRING.

pleasantly situated in the grounds of the Clarendon Hotel. This was opened in 1806, but was not regarded as specially valuable until a few years since, when it was retubed, and a shaft sunk to the depth of thirty feet to the sand-rock below. It is now deservedly considered a superior spring, "and has," says the late Dr. Allen, "the singular history of being the first spring tubed in this section of the mineral valley, and the last one which has been practically reclaimed and prepared for commercial use."

THE CHAMPION AND GEYSER.

If the visitor be not too tired with his walk thus far, he can either continue it on foot, or take a stage and ride one mile further south to the "Ellis Neighborhood." For this extra exertion he will find himself fully repaid by seeing the "Ellis," "Spouting," and "Champion" Springs. Although the Ellis Spring—which, situated on the side of a deep ravine on the margin of a thickly-wooded stream, presents some features of attraction—has been long known, yet the Geyser and Champion are discoveries of late years. These latter springs, however, though so recently known, are as wonderful as beautiful. Physicians, I believe, are already passing most favorably upon both; and from my own practical, rather than scientific, experiments, I am inclined to think that they will be found as reliable in a medicinal point of view as any other spring in this remarkable place. Certain I am that the luxury of drinking them excels by far the best juice I ever tasted from the vineyards of Champagne. And, by-the-way, speaking of champagne, did you, Mr. Editor, ever examine the question as to what species of liquid it was that constituted the nectar of the gods? The classical senator—from whom, next to his Greek, like an occasional glass of champagne, and who is as familiar with the manners and customs of the heathen divinities as though he had been one of their schoolfellows, is, I am told, clearly of the opinion that the nectar at the banquets of Jupiter was nothing more nor less than a favorite brand of Heidsieck; and whenever the always unquiet and suspicious Juno, in some of her more gracious humors, wished "to get on the blind side of her lord," as the saying is, arraying her person in her most beautiful attire, and displaying her finely-molded form to the best advantage by encircling her waist with the cestus of Venus, she was wont to press a cluster of the champagne grapes into the Thunderer's goblet, and present him with the grateful beverage—certain of obtaining her suit. The theory is plausible, to say the least.

But to return. No one can look on the Champion Spring—throwing a column an inch in diameter, to

the height of eighty feet, and boiling up in millions of silver globules every moment, and sparkling as though rejoicing at their liberation from the dark caverns of the Gnomes—without being struck by the astounding and almost weird powers of nature.

THE LATE ANDREW JOHNSON, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

HE was in the strictest sense of the term a self-made man. Born in Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 29th, 1808, of poor parents, he early had to encounter all the difficulties of poverty. His father died in 1812, and his mother was too poor to give him any advantages of education. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a tailor. He removed to Tennessee in 1826, taking with him his mother, who was dependent upon him for support. He settled at Greenville, where he married. Up to this time his education had been limited to acquiring the art of reading; but now, under his wife's instruction, he learned to write and cipher. Taking an interest in politics, he was in 1828 elected Alderman. He was re-elected in each of the two following years, and in 1830 was chosen Mayor, which office he held three years. In 1835 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and served in both branches, being elected to the State Senate in 1841. He was elected to Congress in 1843, took his seat in December of that year, and held it by successive re-elections for ten years. His next position was that of Governor of Tennessee, to which he was elected in 1853, and re-elected in 1855. On December 7th, 1857, he took his seat in the U. S. Senate for a full term. He held his seat at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion, and, although the Legislature of Tennessee voted the State out of the Union, he remained in the Senate, and his vigorous speeches for the Union won the admiration of the loyal people in all parts of the country, but brought down upon him the enmity of the rebels. In nearly every city in the State of Tennessee he was burned in effigy, and his life was threatened on several occasions.

On March 4th, 1862, President Lincoln nominated Andrew Johnson to be Military Governor of Tennessee. His energetic administration of this office brought him conspicuously before the public as one of the most ardent supporters of the Union cause. In June, 1864, the Republican Convention at Baltimore nominated him for Vice-President on the ticket with Lincoln, and he was elected by a large majority in November. He was inaugurated March 4th, 1865, as Vice-President, and by the assassination of President Lincoln, April 14th, was called upon to take the position of Chief Magistrate. His administration was a stormy one, his policy in regard to reconstruction meeting with strong opposition from the majority in Congress. The conflict between the Chief Magistrate and Congress culminated in articles of impeachment against him being agreed to by the House on March 3d, 1868. After a long and tedious trial by the Senate, the President was formally acquitted of all the charges, May 26th, by a vote of guilty, 35; not guilty, 19—a two-thirds vote being required to convict. On March 4th, 1869, he was succeeded in the Presidential office by General Grant. Since his retirement he had lived quietly at his home in Greenville, Tenn., occasionally giving expression to his opinion on public matters, and on one occasion running as an independent candidate for Congressman-at-large, dividing the Democratic vote with the Confederate General B. F. Cheatham, which caused the election of Horace Maynard, the Republican candidate.

In the campaign of 1874 Mr. Johnson received the nomination for the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Brownlow, and made a thorough canvass of the State. Upon the assembling of the Legislature he was elected by a heavy majority, and took his seat for the long term on the 4th of March last. Political curiosity was greatly excited over his probable course in debating public measures; but during the extra session of the Senate he made only one speech on the situation, and this received various criticism, the larger part of which expressed a belief that although he had enunciated several bold ideas, he was holding himself in reserve for the regular session of next Winter.

On Wednesday evening, July 28th, while visiting his daughter in Carter County, Tenn., he was stricken with paralysis through his left side. Physicians were immediately summoned, and the customary course of treatment applied. The next day he appeared somewhat better, and conversed coherently with those about him. At the same time feeling was partially restored to the stricken side. This rally, however, was but temporary. He soon sank into a state of insensibility, and remained so until his death, which occurred about two o'clock on the morning of the 31st of July.

FRIDAY MORNING IN THE FOURTH WARD, NEW YORK.

FISH-MARKET IN OAK AND NEW CHAMBERS STREETS.

IF there is any truth in the statement that fish diet develops brain-power, the Fourth Ward should team with brilliant intellects, for probably in no section of the city is there greater consumption of the various species of the finny tribe. So well is this fact appreciated by dealers, that a fish-market has for years been established at the junction of Oak, New Chambers and Roosevelt Streets—a centre from which branch streets leading in all directions to the closely built lanes, alleys and byways that are thickly peopled by vast numbers of the grand army of the poor of New York.

The neighborhood is not an inviting one. Dilapidated buildings, dingy shops, filthy streets, ill-kept children, frowsy women, seedy men, mangy dogs and disreputable-looking cats abound, and even on the avenues where more pretentious places of business are located, there appears the same lack of soap and water and order.

The fish-market consists of rude stands ranged along the sidewalks and rickety wagons standing in the streets. The stands and wagons are well loaded with fish, but in the varieties are seldom found the salmon, sheep's-head, trout, halibut or other high-priced species; cod, haddock, porgies, eels, sturgeon and mackerel abound.

The dealers and purchasers have different characteristics from the sleek, well-fed and jovial market-men and women of Fulton and Washington Markets and the substantial citizens who visit those places to get their household supplies. Here the majority of purchasers are women. Their toilets are neither expensive nor elaborate, and bonnets and hats appear to be eschewed; but beauty and grace are not altogether lacking among the humble people who frequent the market. Occasionally a bright-eyed damsel, like the girl with shawl-covered head shown in our artist's sketch, children with a wealth of golden hair, and tidy, frugal housewives, can be found mingling with the crowd.

Our sketch, published on another page, was

taken on Friday morning, a time when the market presents its busiest aspect, owing to the fact that so many of the inhabitants of the neighborhood are faithful followers of the Catholic Church, and abstain from flesh upon that day. This partially accounts for the large consumption of fish in that locality, but cheapness and the ease with which fish can be prepared for food is probably a better solution of the problem. It is a gratifying fact that the poor can be furnished with such healthful diet at a moderate rate, and its effect upon the minds of the people of the region would, no doubt, substantiate the theory of the scientists who claim for it such beneficial results, were it not for the great number of establishments in that section where is dispensed the liquid that "steals away the brain."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ANOTHER CHOICE SPECIMEN of the two-horned Asiatic rhinoceros has been added to the collection of the British Zoological Society.

REPORTS FROM THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF NATURAL HISTORY at Peoria, Ill., represent that enterprise in a very flourishing condition.

M. MOUTCHER, a successful Transit observer, and M. Wolf, sub-director of the Paris Observatory, are candidates for the vacant membership in the Astronomical section of the Academy of Sciences.

M. LEVERRIER, Chief of the National Observatory at Paris, notified the Academy of Sciences that the great reflecting telescope, and other new apparatus, would be ready for inspection on the 5th of August.

MR. PRINCE, of the Botanical Gardens at Trinidad, is engaged in preparing a report as to the best means of developing the resources of the island of Dominica, on account of the almost entire cessation of coffee-growing.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION of the Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington, England, will open April 1st, 1876, and close October 1st following. It will chiefly refer to education, research and scientific subjects connected therewith.

A SUPERIOR School of Anthropology will be opened in November in a building belonging to the Ecole de Médecine, Paris, the Municipal Council having voted a sum to pay the professors. Five courses of lectures will be delivered during the Winter.

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON occurred at Clermont-sur-Lanquet, France, about the time of the overflow of the Garonne. The whole of the earth on the slope of a mountain was moved bodily; a shepherd's house being transported to a considerable distance uninjured.

VIENNA HAS A NEW OBSERVATORY. It is located on a ridge of hill on the northeastern boundary rendered famous by the victory of King John Sobieski of Poland, over the Turks in 1683. The hill is 250 feet above the level of the Danube, and commands a splendid view of the country, the atmosphere being uncommonly free from mist. Professor Littrow is in charge.

GOLD-FISH may be kept ten or twelve years (their average period of existence) by using the following precautions: 1. Allow not more than one fish to two quarts of water. 2. Constantly use the same kind of water, whether well or river; change it every other day in Summer, and twice each week in Winter. 3. Keep clean sand and pebbles at the bottom, washing them occasionally, or replacing with a fresh supply. 4. Use a small net to catch the fish when changing the water. 5. Feed with sliced meat, thread-worms, or flies, once each week, except in cold weather. Feed but little at a time. Remove any uneaten food that may remain after feeding. 6. Do not feed at all from November until the end of February, and but little during the following three months. 7. If there are growing plants in the aquarium, the water need be changed but rarely. 8. Keep from the sun, and in the coolest part of the room.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the DIRECTORS of the BRITISH MUSEUM will be pleasant reading to scientists generally. During the past year 3,200 objects were secured for the Department of Oriental Antiquities, including a wooden board of a coffin, on which is painted Meretef worshipping Socharis. The new Assyrian antiquities number about 3,000, and are principally fragments of terra cotta inscriptions, one giving a concise account of the Assyrian deluge, and another the details of the wars between the Assyrians and the Medes. There are also fragments of the famous crystal throne. In the department of Greek and Roman Antiquities much repairing and mounting has been done. The additions are very large, and embrace, among other specimens, twenty-one statues and a mask in terra cotta from Greek tombs at Tanagra; five Athenian female *lektyi*, with polychrome designs on white, one representing Charon in his boat beckoning a female; fifty-nine gems and pates, mostly in intaglio; a pair of gold earrings from Granada, remarkable for their size and elegance of decoration; the most beautiful specimen extant of Athenian vase painting, and a large quantity of marbles discovered at Ephesus. The department of British and Medieval Antiquities spent much time in classifying its treasures, a goodly portion of which were received during the year. A fine collection of ethnographical specimens from Asia, Africa, Australia, Oceania and America was secured for the Charity section. Over 1,500 acquisitions were made to the collection of Coins and Medals.

SEVERAL YEARS ago the famous obelisk, known as Cleopatra's Needle was donated by the Egyptian to the British Government, but the latter, although several plans have been proposed, has heretofore considered no scheme as overcoming the engineering difficulties of removing the monolith from its present site near Alexandria to the shore, and thence transporting it by sea to England. We learn from the *London Times* that an attempt is now shortly to be made, and the project which has been adopted is as follows: The obelisk, which is quadrilateral in shape, is first to be changed into a cylinder. This will be done by attaching heavy beams, strongly connected together, to each face until the desired form is obtained, the work being continued very carefully and excavations being made little by little until the whole shaft, from apex to foundation, is enveloped. It will not be difficult then to roll the monument over a wooden road laid over the sand-hills which cover the intervening mile between its present location and the sea. The wooden envelope, while increasing the mass, will, at the same time, be such as to diminish the specific gravity of the whole, so that the great bundle will readily float. To this end, the diameter of the circle formed by a section of the cylinder will be twenty feet, or twelve feet larger than the breadth of the sides of the obelisk. Besides, in order to render the line of flotation horizontal, a diameter exceeding twenty feet will be necessary at the heavier base. After the monument is launched, it will be towed out of the Mediterranean and into the Thames, to the nearest point to its future site. It will then be beached and rolled to its position, where it will be erected before removing its coverings. This plan, it is believed, can be carried out very easily, and with little expense, while it will be free from the dangers found in transporting the obelisk of Luxor to Paris, as during its voyage that monument seriously damaged the vessel.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EUGENIE is in Switzerland.

WALT WHITMAN is fifty-seven, and deep in his books.

Mrs. DAN BRYANT has received \$16,163, the collected amount of the testimonial fund.

THE "Miss Angel," in Miss Thackeray's new novel, is the artist, Angela Kauffman.

JEFFERSON DAVIS declined the Presidency of the Agricultural College of Texas. Isn't \$4,000 per year enough?

THE widow of Postmaster General Randall is conducting one of the largest dairy establishments in the country, on the North Platte, Neb.

Mrs. LAURA FAIR—please don't shoot—has been granted an order by the San Francisco courts to sell some property in behalf of a minor relative.

Mrs. NANCY KELSEY, the first woman who crossed the plains to California, is now living at Lemoore, Cal. The family, after 1841, rose from poverty to ease, but misfortune has again overtaken the aged pioneers.

LORD NORTHBROOK, Viceroy of India, protests against the visit of the Prince of Wales, because from the respective ranks the Viceroy would have to be subordinate to the Prince, and he fears that the Hindus would not respect a second-hand ruler, as he would appear to be in the Prince's presence.

POOR Mrs. Lincoln is living again her White House life, and is constantly receiving foreign ambassadors and public men. All the events of late years are blotted from her mind. She still reproves the lamented President for his joking propensities, and chats with the joyous Tad and her pet Willie.

MAYOR JOHNSTON of Cincinnati, undergoing the process of impeachment, keeps on steadily as ever executing that which he considers his duty. His last proclamation forbids the captains, lieutenants and patrolmen of the police force carrying concealed weapons such as brass knuckles, slung-shots, etc.

Mrs. JAMES C. KING, whose husband murdered Anthony O'Neil in New York two years ago, has just petitioned the Probate Court of San Francisco for all of her father's estate—\$20,000. It was to go to her in case she became a widow, and she claims that, as her husband is in Sing Sing for life, she is legally so. It may be remembered that her husband killed her father in Honolulu.

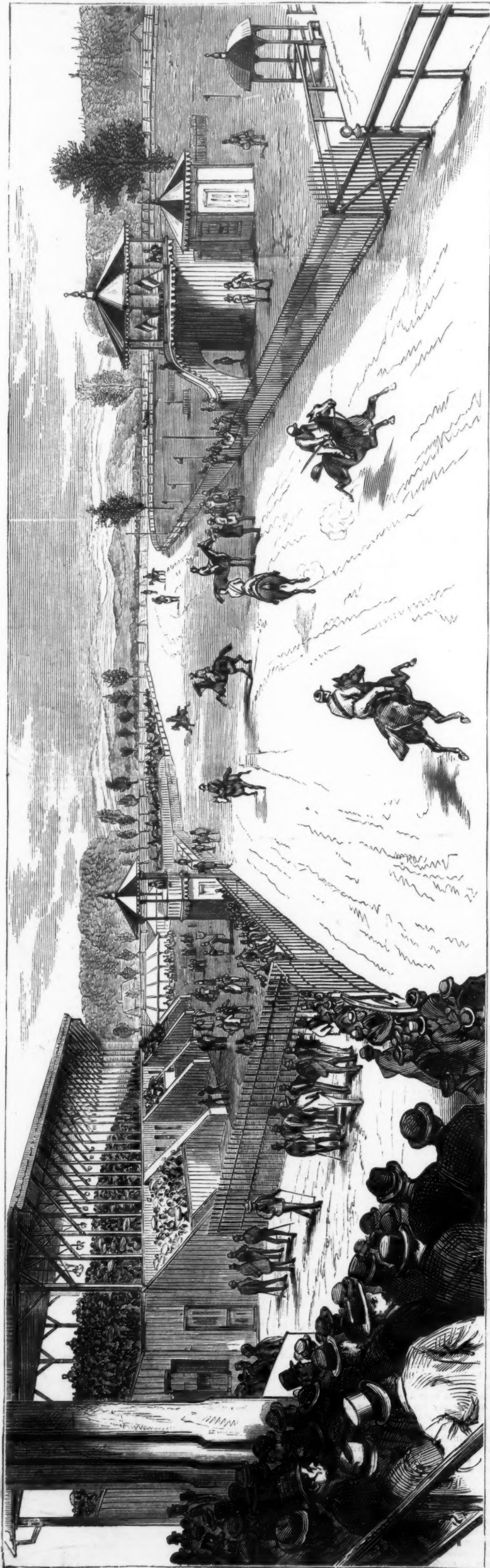
THE decease of Mrs. Celia Burleigh leaves but two prominent women preachers in the United States: Sarah Smiley, the Quakeress, and Phoebe Hanniford, of the Universalist Church at Bergen, N. J. Mrs. Burleigh was forty-eight years of age; the first President of the Women's Club of Brooklyn, N. Y.; and after the death of her husband, in 1871, she became pastor of a Unitarian church in Connecticut, holding the position for two years, when a cancer compelled her to cease work. Like her husband, she was a strong advocate of woman suffrage, and an anti-slavery champion.

PARENTS always have and probably always will select a vocation for their boys and try to make them stick to it, irrespective of any natural predilection. Sir John William Lubbock attained celebrity as an astronomer and mathematician. He decided that his eldest boy, Sir John, should be a great banker, and then put a pen over his ear and some money in his hand. Although but fourteen years of age, John soon discovered that natural history kept him awake more than the computation of interest, and astonished his father by leaping through the cashier's window and coursing the fields for bones. Instead of a brilliant banker that few might know, he is now a scientific biologist that two worlds delight to study. His chief labor is the investigation of most ancient vestiges and remains of man. He is no idle theorist, but a determined, trained laborer. And let it be particularly noted that in him the world has found an intelligent person, who does not believe that mankind has at all degenerated.

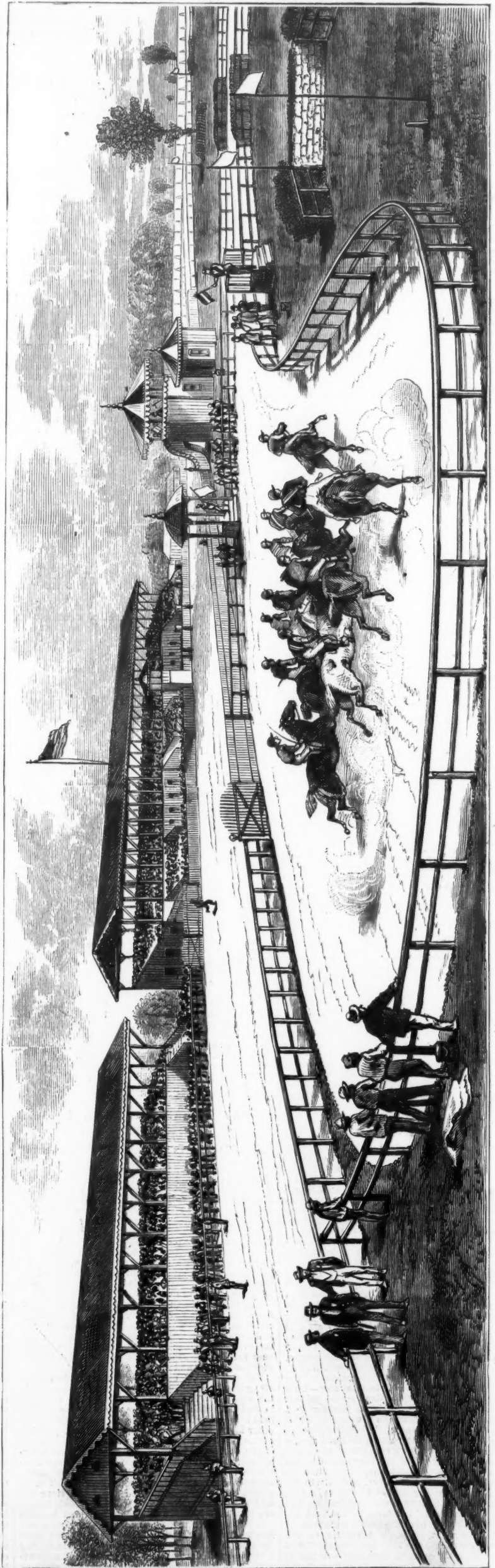
WHEN his wife died, the character of M. Leverrier, the great French astronomer, passed through the most radical change. He withdrew to his little house, and only emerged at night to proceed with his studies in the National Observatory at Paris. Seen from a distance by one who wishes his ear, he appears the veriest Cerberus, or a most attractive turtle. His whole existence is now devoted to science. He desires neither to see nor know any one. If he is wanted he withdraws into his observatory, or locks himself in his strange den, and the old housekeeper is just superstitious enough to refuse admittance lest he practice on her some *diablerie*. Napoleon made him a Senator; but Leverrier, allowed to speak his pieces, soon became an inveterate hater of Liberal orators and journals. This bitterness so increased, that Ollivier, in 1870, was compelled to remove him. He went to Italy for a year, and was called thence by Thiers, who saw that the institution was being grossly mismanaged, and reappointed him to its charge. With a simple "I know it," the old man resumed his stool, and looked through the glasses as if nothing had happened.

CHARLES READE, whose letters on the subject of international copyright have been extensively read, like Wilkie Collins, became a barrister, but soon after receiving his degree of Bachelor of Arts withdrew from the profession of law and entered that of literature. "Peg Woffington" was his first venture. This was followed by "Never Too Late to Mend," which was the first of his didactic style of novels, and designed to hold up to public examination the iniquities of English prisons, and describe the peculiarities of the Australian gold fever. It will scarcely be believed that Mr. Reade is no society or club man. He is by no means a cynic; but he possesses none of that social adaptability that made the company of Dickens and Thackeray so desirable. He lives in his studies. Sixty-one years of life, and the quality of a bachelor, may be supposed to lessen one's capability for hard, persistent work. The family of a married sister, cricket, walking, riding and hunting, afford him the means of enjoying as much of the frolics of life as his engagements will permit. He has Carlyle's brusqueness without his acidity, and Ruskin's reticence without his intolerable carping. His friendship for America and her institutions has been thoroughly tested, and he is an impartial lover.

REFORMERS nowadays find little favor save in those quarters where they can secure no aid more practical than sympathy. The career of Mr. Pimms, the member of the British Parliament who brought Disraeli to his knees, is different in results simply because he labored, and toiled to accomplish effects that others would satisfy themselves by asserting should be produced. Instead of claiming the world's recognition as a reformer, he has worked among sailors for years, informing himself thoroughly of their grievances, and with voice and pen endeavored to prevent the employment of unseaworthy vessels in the merchant service. Not the least of the opposition came from his fellow Commons, several of whom he boldly charged with personally making money through the inhumanity he wished to expose and have officially condemned. The smart of his manner and the fierce heat of his words may have been unparliamentary, but they had the desired effect, and the Government agreed to compromise with the aggressive Liberal. Mr. Pimms is a native of Bristol, and about fifty-one years of age. He was defeated for the House at Derby in 1865, but in 1868 he was elected by a large majority. By occupation he is a coal merchant, and for the past ten years the sailor has been his great pet. His action was just such as hundreds of men wished to see but did not dare attempt themselves.



SARATOGA RACE-COURSE.—JOCKEYS EXERCISING THEIR HORSES IN FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND PREVIOUS TO THE RACE.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.



SARATOGA RACE-COURSE.—A START FOR A MILE-AND-THREE-QUARTER DASH.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.

THE HON. CASSIUS M. CLAY.

CASSIUS M. CLAY is by no means an old man. It is true that sixty-five years have nearly marked the extent of his existence. But he has filled so large a measure of public service, and has scored so many of those stirring events that round off the biography of a distinguished man, that it appears as if he has lived the life of the Republic itself.

He was born in Madison County, Ky., October 19th, 1810, in the house in which he now lives. His father, General Green Clay, was one of the founders of the first Constitution of the State, and as the representative of the Kentucky district of Virginia he voted for the Federal Constitution of 1789.

Cassius graduated at Yale College in 1833, and, returning to Kentucky, began the practice of law. He served three terms in the State Legislature—two as a representative from Madison County, and one from Fayette. His extreme opposition to slavery caused his defeat when running a fourth time. In 1840 he was a member of the Harrisburg Convention, which nominated Mr. Harrison for the Presidency. During his legislative career he was an active worker in the causes of public schools, internal improvements, and the reorganization of the jury system. After his defeat he rested a while from public labors; but in 1844, when his kinsman, Henry Clay, was nominated as a Presidential candidate, he again entered the field, and made his memorable tour of the North in Mr. Clay's behalf.

In the following year began his fight for the liberty of the press. He started in Lexington a weekly newspaper, called the *Free American*, and made it an aggressive anti-slavery organ. In the cause of legal equality he had long stood alone among his fellows, and had experienced all the bitterness that the world generally extends to advanced thinkers of conscientious purity. The publication of this paper, however, brought upon him more serious consequences than he had anticipated. His office was mobbed, his press was seized and taken to Cincinnati, and his person assaulted. Notwithstanding threats of death, he revived the paper, printing it in Cincinnati, and circulating it more assiduously than ever throughout Kentucky.

In 1846 he entered the army for the Mexican war, and in January of the following year was taken prisoner at Encarnacion. He carried Kentucky for General Taylor in 1848; in 1850 he accepted a nomination as an anti-slavery candidate for Governor, but was defeated in the election. He labored with his customary energy for Mr. Lincoln, and after the first election he was appointed United States Minister to Russia. In 1862 Mr. Seward recalled him; he then accepted the commission of a Major-general that had been tendered him the year previous. In 1863 he was returned to Russia, at which post he remained until 1869. Immediately after his arrival home he affiliated with the Cuban movement, and became President of the Cuban Aid Society.

In 1871, when a large number of the leading men of the South assembled at the St. Louis Fair, he delivered an address, by invitation, urging reconciliation with the North, and a speedy resumption of those relations that are necessary for our common prosperity. At the same time he advocated the principles upon which the Liberal Republican platform was constructed, taking strong grounds against the Administration. He made a thorough canvass for his old friend Horace Greeley, and felt sorely the defeat of that gentleman.

In the Democratic State Convention held at Frankfort on the 6th of May last, Mr. Clay formally united with that party, and pledged it the unqualified support of his voice and pen in the coming struggle for political reform.

SARATOGA RACES.

THE annual races which form so exciting and brilliant a feature of the regular season at Saratoga commenced on Saturday, July 24th. Each year since the Saratoga track was first laid out, in 1863, by Charles H. Ballard, this famous race-course has been gaining in popularity, and it is now conceded to be the best in the country. The improvements that have been steadily going on, year by year, attract to it the owners of the best blooded stock, and the orderly and systematic manner in which the races are conducted make it the resort of all who delight in a fair contest. This year the races were particularly attractive, and drew together a larger crowd than usual. Its doubtful whether Ascot, Epsom or Longchamps could present a livelier or more enthusiastic scene than that witnessed at the races during the week.

Among the improvements lately made are alterations of the track by which means the spectators can follow the horses at every foot from the start to the finish; also, a new stand for spectators, new stands for judges and for the starter. Additional stables and other advantageous changes are completed, and on the course used for steeplechases, permanent walls and hedges have been erected.

Our illustrations give views of the general appearance of the race-course, the jockeys exercising their horses in front of the Grand Stand previous to the race; a start for a mile-and-three-quarter dash; and the finish of the race for the Travers Stakes, on Saturday, July 24th.

The Travers Stakes is a race for three-year-olds, a dash of a mile-and-three-quarters, which



HON. CASSIUS M. CLAY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERGMASCO, PARIS.

closed with sixty-five nominations, ten of which came to the post. There were Messrs. Doswell & Cammack's bay colt King Bolt, by Lexington, dam Eltham Lass; Mr. Belmont's imported bay colt Matador, by Gladiator, dam Nonpareil; J. A. Grinstead's gray colt D'Artagnan, by Lightning, dam Zingara; John M. Harney's brown colt Ozark, by Pat Malloy, dam Sunny South; H. P. McGrath's bay colt Chesapeake, by Lexington, dam Roxana; H. P. McGrath's chestnut colt Aristides, by Leamington, dam Sarong; Thomas Puryear's bay colt Warwick, by Leamington, dam Minnie Minor; John O'Donnell's chestnut colt Milner, by Leamington, dam by Lexington; E. A. Clabaugh's chestnut colt Victor, by Vauxhall, dam Heatherbell, and D. McDaniel & Co.'s chestnut colt Willie Burke, by Baywood, dam Katinka. Harney's entries were great favorites, McGrath's second choice, Grinstead's the third in favor. The latter gentleman's gray colt D'Artagnan won the race, time 3:06 1-2.

Milner second. Aristides was third. This race was the best ever run in this country by three-year-olds with 110 lbs. up, and reflects great credit on J. B. Prior for bringing D'Artagnan in such fine condition to the post, a colt so little thought of that when the books were opened on this race he was rated at 20 to 1 against him.

A sweepstakes of \$50, for all ages, one mile and a quarter, won by Thomas Puryear & Co.'s b. c. Grinstead, in 2:08 3/4, and a selling race, for all ages, a dash of one mile and three-quarters, for a purse of \$600, won by John Hunter's b. c. King Pin, in 3:07 1/2, completed the programme for the first day.

Tuesday, July 27th, was the second day of the races. The programme included the Alabama Stakes, for fillies foaled in 1872; \$100 entrance, half forfeit; \$1,000 added; the second filly to receive \$300 out of the stakes; one mile and an eighth. A. Belmont's ch. f. Olitipa came in first, and Doswell & Cammack's br. f. Invoice second.

The third day of first meeting, on Thursday July 29th, included the great struggle of the year—the race for the Saratoga Cup. As usual, there were three races, the first of which was the Flash Stakes for two-year olds, dash of half a mile, which was won by Mr. P. Lorillard's black filly Faithless, in the fast time of forty-nine seconds. The second event was the Saratoga Cup, for all ages, two miles and a quarter, which has been the great topic among turfmen for the last three months. Mr. Sanford's grand old horse Preakness ran a dead heat with Sprinkbok, and divided the honors with him, while Pennington's friends left the course in a very despondent mood, as he did not succeed in gaining a place. The third race was a selling race of a mile and a quarter, and was captured by D. McDaniel's b. f. by Leamington in 2:09 1/2.

The great event of the day brought together the largest and most brilliant assemblage ever seen on the grounds. Intense was the excitement, and the betting heavy, while the race was one of the most remarkable in the history of the turf. The starters were Preakness, Springbok, Grinstead, Aaron Pennington, Olitipa, Rutherford, and Wild Idle.

The Saratoga Cup Race is a dash of three and a quarter miles for a \$1,200 stake, added to a sweepstakes of \$50 each, play or pay. There were twenty-three nominations and seven starters. Madge was withdrawn, leaving the favorite Springbok to do the work for the McDaniel stables. The race resulted in a dead heat between Preakness and Sprinkbok in the extraordinary time of 3:56 1/4, and the stakes were divided.

The second meeting of the year follows the first, with an intermission of only a week, so that eleven days' racing, comprising not less than thirty-three contests, will have been given before the close.

THE KING FOUNTAIN,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

THIS beautiful drinking fountain has been erected in St. Louis by Messrs. L. L. & Moses King, two enterprising young real estate and insurance agents, in front of their place of business, No. 409 Olive Street.

The structure was designed by J. B. Legg & Co., and is a beautiful work of art. It is built in a monumental shape after the gothic style of architecture, and is surmounted by a gas-lamp, a spray fountain, and has upon it two clocks, two thermometers, a barometer and vase. It is erected upon a marble base, placed upon a stone foundation that extends two feet across the gutter, and by this means an ordinary sidewalk is utilized as a drinking-place without the obstruction that would otherwise have been caused. The principal material used in the construction of the fountain is galvanized iron, and it is worked into panels and ornaments not generally made of that metal. In height the top of the vase reaches fifteen feet, and at the base the diameter is about four feet.

The water used for drinking purposes passes in from the main-pipe, in the street, to an elevated filter, placed in the office of Messrs. King, and after passing through the filter, its course is through the floor to the 400 feet of coiled pipe contained in an immense ice-box in the vault underneath the fountain; and from there it enters the main-pipe in the fountain that branches off into the ten faucets, from which it is drawn, clear and cold, into ten elegant nickel-silver urns.

The fountain was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on Saturday evening, July 10th.

SPANISH BARBERS AND BLEEDERS.

NO one can fail to remark, especially in the South of Spain, the great number of shops with the inscription "Barber and Bleeder" surmounting the typical brass basin that dangles over the door. The bleeders, or *sangradores* of Spain, on whom Mr. Ford was, perhaps, unduly severe in his strictures, form so large a class that they deserve a passing notice in any true picture of social Spain.

"In this, as in many other things," says Mr. Thieblin, in a few words on bleeding, "the Spanish nation is greatly abused;" and, we think, somewhat unjustly.

Now, the system of bleeding, in this country, is misunderstood in America; and its need—for we assert it to be, in many cases, absolutely needful—is not duly allowed for.

The system, if properly carried out, is as follows: The Spanish doctor is called to the bedside of some person in a high fever; he believes bleeding to be the best way to relieve the oppressed heart, and parched, bursting skin. He, therefore, after judging by the patient's pulse how great a quantity of blood must be taken to relieve the system, gives him a *papeleta*, as it is called, to be sent to the nearest barber and bleeder. On this slip of paper is written, and signed by the medical man, the number of ounces of blood to be taken, and it is at once done, generally very skillfully, by these men.

The bleeder, be it remembered, is required, before he can practice, to pass certain examinations in bleeding and tooth-extraction. But the fault of the system is that constantly, owing to the pleasurable relief afforded to and expressed by the sufferer as the feverish blood pours forth, the bleeder takes upon himself to take away double the amount of blood certified as needful on the *papeleta*. Too often, again, instead of bleeding in the saphena vein, he bleeds from one of



MISSOURI.—THE "KING FOUNTAIN," RECENTLY ERECTED ON OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS.

the veins of the left hand, just above the knuckle of the middle finger, in which case, the moment the vein is open, the hand is thrust into a basin of hot water, and thus the amount of blood is only vaguely guessed by the appearance and color of the water.

The danger of this last case we have ourselves been shocked by witnessing. The need of bleeding, in cases of *calentura perniciosa*—inflammation of the lung, and pleurisy—is, we believe, a real one; and even, sometimes, we fear there is a need in the case of violent fits of passion.

For, first, the Spaniard is of a highly nervous, excitable temperament; secondly, the difficulty of getting a free perspiration is greater in tropical Spain than in England; and, thirdly, the Spaniard's hard, parchment skin will not stand the strain of bursting veins without a severe oppression upon the heart.

The fashion, among many of the Spanish practitioners, now, is to substitute aconite in small doses for bleeding; but this medicine too often depresses the heart for a longer time and more severely than the old system.

It should be here added that the Spanish medical men have improved greatly of late years, and are really a fairly skillful, well-educated and painstaking set of underpaid men.

Possibly the chief need in the medical world of Spain is the translation of the newest English medical works into the language of the country. Some few of the leading works of France are in circulation, fairly translated; but scarcely any of those of England.

THE CLAY-EATERS.

THE practice of eating earthy substances is generally alluded to in a metaphorical rather than in a literal sense, and a great many persons have been called dirt-eaters who have never knowingly swallowed an ounce of the soil on which we tread. They acquire their enviable honor through manifestation of a willingness to perform menial services for persons whose favor they desire or whose power they fear, and are to be found in all walks and conditions of life. They are in the pulpit and at the bar, in the shop or warehouse, and are very frequently encountered in politics. Generally they dress well and live well, especially if they have made the mastication and deglutition of soil a study, and they manage to get through the world with comparative comfort.

Many men in power are willing to pay liberally to those who fawn upon them, and if a shrewd and not over-sensitive individual will give his whole mind to it, and select his superiors with judicious care, he can derive a profitable business out of dirt-eating. The history of politics, ever since politics were first known, is a history of this sort of employment, and many persons who otherwise might have lived and died in obscurity and slept in unmarked and unknown graves, have by this means risen to fame and fortune, reared and educated their families, lived to a comfortable old age, and finally glided peacefully down the hill of life, mourned by their relatives, and properly paraphrased in the newspapers.

Such is the dependent dirt-eater, but the independent one is another sort of man. He wins his title by literal, not by metaphorical, attention to the process above alluded to. He is a native of certain parts of North Carolina and the States surrounding it, and is by no means among the most attractive members of the human family. In the regions where he lives there is a peculiar variety of clay, of a brownish hue and quite soft and sweet to the taste. It is found in the low valleys, generally near the borders of streams, and in strata varying from a few inches to a foot or two in thickness. Beds of this clay are not usually very extensive, though there are several localities where they cover dozens, and sometimes hundreds, of acres. This clay is edible, though by no means healthy, and parties using it are said to acquire a taste for it that is quite difficult to get rid of.

The writer of this remembers an occasion when, for several days, he was in forced companionship with a native of North Carolina, who complained bitterly of his inability to find some dirt to eat, and seemed to suffer the deprivation as much as a tobacco-chewer suffers from the absence of his quid. The clay is not eaten as a regular article of food, and is by no means a substitute for bread and meat, but it possesses some nutritious qualities, and will prolong life better than no food at all. Persons fleeing from justice, or fugitives in time of war, have been known to live several days upon this clay, and some of them acquired a fondness for it which they had never known before. When eaten by a novice, it has the effect of soup heavily charged with castor-oil; but in a little while the system becomes accustomed to it, and after a few weeks' practice it fails to disturb the regular functions of the stomach. But the permanent effect on the eater is far from agreeable. He becomes thin and lank, like the sunset shadow of somebody else, and is no more suggestive of fat than a walking-stick; he is of a yellowish paleness, something between a sunflower and a second-hand ghost; his neck elongates, his hair shows a tendency to blondness, his teeth become loose, and he loses most of the energy he ever had. The clay-eaters, or dirt-eaters, as they are quite as often called, are among the lowest of the "low whites" of the South; they generally live in miserable hovels, and sometimes in caves, and, as a rule, they take no care for the future. If the wants of to-day are supplied, they do not consider it worth while to borrow trouble about the morrow, and if their neighbors have plenty of hogs and corn, it does not generally cost the clay-eaters as much to live as it would if they had no neighbors at all. Not that they would steal, but the best of men may sometimes become confused about the rights of property, and seriously believe that they have a right to be supported by men who have been more fortunate than themselves.

Clay-eating is not regarded as a fashionable accomplishment, and there are many addicted to the practice who conceal it from their friends, or from all but the most intimate. Occasionally the clay-eaters emigrate, as they are not exempt from that feverish desire for change of locality that affects the greater part of the American population. Thousands of them have gone to settle in Tennessee, Arkansas, and the other States of the Southwest, and many of these emigrants, separated from the edible earth and catching the spirit of enterprise which pervades the newer parts of the country, have become prosperous and even wealthy in their new homes.

THE LATE JOHN MITCHEL.

JOHN MITCHEL, son of a Unitarian minister, was one of the earliest writers of the *Nation*; but, continuing for some years to reside at Banbridge, where he practiced as a solicitor, he was only brought into close personal relations with many members of the party at a later date. He

was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a man of considerable culture and refined literary taste. When quite a boy he made a most romantic marriage. He had poetry enough in his nature, but he wrote no verses. His forte was prose. His style, always vigorous and remarkable, was not developed to its full extent till his final severance from the *Nation* and the starting by him of the *United Irishman*, in which his defiant bolts could be launched without imperiling his colleagues. Less known than his newspaper articles, but well meriting perusal as a fascinating piece of English composition, is his "Life of Aodh (Hugh) O'Neil," written for "Duffy's Irish Library."

The outer world, who knew John Mitchel only as the daring assailant of authority, the fierce instigator of rebellion, the man who counseled the resort, by an insurgent people, to ferocious modes of warfare—if warfare it could be called—will never, perhaps, be able to realize the true character of the man. That such a seeming monster was in private life the gentlest of the gentle, with more than a woman's softness and sensibility, beloved by his associates and idolized in his home, will be thought impossible. But such John Mitchel was. Those who knew him intimately realized how it might be possible that the portraits left us of some of the French Revolutionists of '89 were not mere fancies of a disordered imagination. Like them, he seems to have had two distinct natures—a political and a personal—the one fierce, unyielding, remorseless; the other all tenderness and truth. The one is known to the world by his pen—a diamond stylus dipped in vitriol; the other lives in the sorrowful memory of his friends, who call to mind the happy household which his presence lighted like a sunbeam, and grieve over the desolation that has fallen upon it—thinking of the old times, of the venerable, gray-haired mother, of the affectionate and accomplished sisters, the young and charming wife, and the lovely group of children, of whom two now sleep on the red battle-fields of the great American republic, where they fell, fighting valorously, in the very dawn of manhood.

"Compulsory Education," an article so short that you will not consume a minute in reading it, and an engraving so spirited that you will probably spend a half-hour in studying it.

"The Transgressor—A Perilous Adventure." You can read the whole story, moral and all, in the half-page engraving, a perfect gem. "A Peanut Merchant of Madrid," after a design by Gustave Doré. Its hideousness may frighten the children, and will surely be food for thought for the young. "Lady Washington's Rebuke." Did ever the artist have a more impressive subject? Ladies, read I. Timothy, ii., 9, 10.

These excellent engravings are to be found in FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL, No. 196, now ready. It has all the fashions as well; continues "The Squire's Legacy"; gives "Winnie's Confession," "On the Top of the Coach"—charming stories; "Female Accomplishments," "Stockings," "Stepmothers," "The Tongue," "Frankness and Reserve," "The Wife," "Education of the Ear," "Something Wrong," from the London "Judy," and "The Servants," from the London "Punch," with "Sparks of Mirth." Of course, the fashions are fully described, illustrated and commented on. Ladies who do not receive the JOURNAL should send ten cents for sample copy, one dollar for three months, or four dollars for one year's subscription, prepaid. Address, Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

The newsdealers always can supply it.

FUN.

A BUTCHER who was on his death-bed said to his wife: "If I die, Françoise, you must marry our shop-boy—he is a good young man, and the business cannot be carried on without a man to look after it." "I have been thinking about that already," said his wife.

DR. BURNET, wishing to sell a bad horse, mounted it to show off its good qualities, but he did not succeed in managing this as he expected. "My dear Dr. Burnet," said the intended purchaser, "when you want to mislead me, mount the pulpit, and not the saddle."

At the close of a missionary sermon preached in a country parish, the whole audience was affected to tears except one peasant. On being asked why he was not affected like the others, he explained that it was because he was only a visitor, and did not belong to that parish at all.

A WESTERN minister who had staid all night after a wedding, was called upon early the next morning to baptize a child supposed to be dying. After turning the leaves of the ritual backwards and forwards for some time in an unsuccessful attempt to find the service, he suddenly shut the book and said: "You'll have to go to some other store; that child's too hard for me to baptize."

A CLERGYMAN, who was suddenly called on to officiate in presence of Cardinal Manning, informed him, by way of excuse for the imperfection of his discourse, that not having had time for preparation, he had been obliged to rely entirely on the aid of the Holy Spirit, but that next time he had the honor to preach before his eminence, he hoped to be able, by more careful preparation, to acquaint himself better.

A VENETIAN, who had never before been out of his native city, and who therefore could not be expected to be a good rider, was mounted by a friend one day on a rather restive horse, which would not move forward. After trying the spur in vain, he took out his pocket-bankerchief, and holding it up in the air for some moments, exclaimed: "I do not wonder that the horse does not move on—the wind is contrary."

THE wife of a villager in Poitou, after a protracted illness, fell into a state of coma, and was believed to be dead. As is usual among the very poor peasantry there, the body was folded in a sheet and carried to the grave uncoffined. On the way to the graveyard the body had to be carried through a thicket, where the underwood consisted principally of thorn-bushes, and in passing through the supposed corpse was awakened from the trance by the prickles. Fourteen years afterwards the woman really died, and on the way to the grave the same route was taken. As the mourners approached the thicket the husband called out vigorously, "Take care—don't go near the thorn-bushes!"

A Hint to the Lean.

The cause of leanness, when there is no positive disease which produces it, is an imperfect assimilation of the food. The weight of the body undoubtedly bears a marked relation to, and increases proportionately to, its weight, when it is properly nourished with flesh-making blood. Hence, when we see a tall person with "slab" sides and hollow cheeks, we have a right to infer that his blood is thin and watery and his constitution delicate. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is peculiarly serviceable to thin, delicate people, since it strengthens the digestive and assimilative organs, and is consequently a powerful auxiliary in the blood-manufacturing processes, which in a state of health ought to be, and are, thoroughly performed. An increase of muscle, as well as fat, is a result of using this sovereign anti-dyspeptic, appetizing and generally corrective cordial.

The Rathbone Store Works.—This splendid manufactory, with an experience ranging over thirty-five years, and operations extending from Maine to California, conducts, according to the statistics of its houses, located at Albany, Chicago and Detroit, a business unexcelled by that of any other establishment in the Union. We learn from Messrs. Rathbone, Sard & Co. that they made and sold more stoves last year than any house in the country, and this flattering exhibit is in itself so eloquent a tribute to the energy and enterprise of the firm, that we deem further comment superfluous. Attention is called to their advertisement in another column.

D. Shea, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 434 Broome St., near Broadway, is selling Men and Boys' Clothing at very low prices, and his custom garments from Broadway tailors are selling at half their real value.

"Darling Little May," "Call Me Home, Mother," and "I Think of Thee," are among the most beautiful songs we have ever heard. They are by the talented young song-writer, Aileen Percy, and published by E. A. SAMUELS, Boston. Price, 30 cents each.

Rathbone's "Fearless" and "Centennial" Cook Stoves have recent, superior improvements for Broiling, Hot-water Reservoir and Baking, which are unexcelled, if equaled, by any other manufacturer. Send to Rathbone, Sard & Co., of Albany, for circulars.

New and Strange.—Travelers and residents in malarious districts should inquire about HOLMAN'S FEVER AND AGUE PAD. A positive cure without medicine. Stop drugging with poisons, and try the new plan. Druggists sell it. Send address for full particulars to W. F. KIDDER & CO., 83 John St., New York.

Through the length and breadth of the land the celebrated SILVER-TIPPED Boots and Shoes are sold by the million, for parents know they last twice as long as those without Tips. Try them. For sale by all dealers.

Do you want the best Shoe ever made, that will not rip or leak, and is easier than any machine-sewed or pegged shoe, buy the CABLE SCREW Wire make. All genuine bear the Patent Stamp.

The Big Bonanza—50 Side-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Cards, The Matrimonial Programme, 1 Pack Transparent Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymond Cards, 1 Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in 1 Package all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City.

\$1,000 Forfeit for a case of Asthma, Consumption, Rheumatism, acute or chronic, that I cannot CURE or permanently relieve. Address, describing case, and enclosing \$1 for treatment, Dr. DOUGLAS PEYTON, 169 Stirling St., Baltimore, Md.

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Inapproachable.—No sewing-machine ever invented, whatever its merits, approaches the standard of excellence attained by the "WILLCOX & GIBBS" as a family sewing-machine.

Special Notice.—Muscular debility, indiscretions of youth and manhood, radically and permanently cured by L. J. KAHN, M.D., principal and proprietor of Dr. Kahn's magnificent Museum; residence, 51 East Tenth Street, between Broadway and University Place, New York. Consultations from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M., or by appointment.

The "Good Record." Littlefield's 1875 splendid achievement is rivaling, if not eclipsing, the brilliant triumphs of the "Morning Glory." Not only has its sale been unprecedented in the history of Base-Burners, Knobs, Turnkeys and Foot-rests, all beautifully nickel-plated, but ranging through such a scale of prices as cannot fail to meet the requirements and necessities of all. Special attention is called to the advertisement on our outside page to-day.

A Frequent Change of Underclothing is not only comfortable, but necessary, for the preservation of health. Gentlemen who have not procured articles of Summer wear, either for home or traveling use, will find everything desirable at UNION ADAMS & CO., 913 Broadway, at prices that will give them an agreeable surprise. In the line of Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, they will find an infinite variety of style and material, while the Summer Drawers, made to fit like pantaloons, will prove a most pleasant necessity in these sweltering days. An entire outfit can be had at this place, of a quality that cannot be surpassed.

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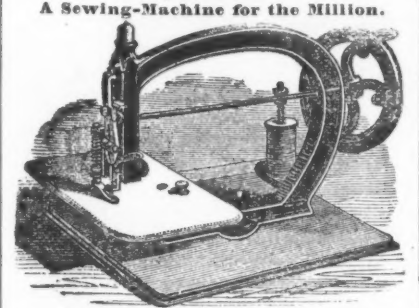
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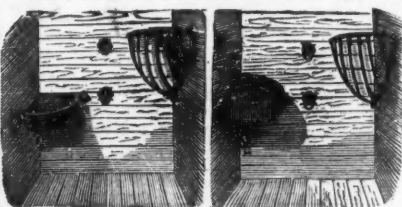
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